THE SOCIETY OF WRITERS TO THE SIGNET

103:e:43.

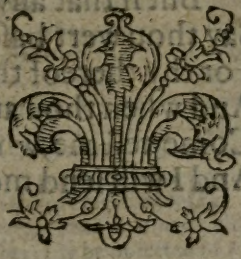
* 14082

THE Shepheardes Calender,

Conteining twelue Æglogues proportionable to the twelue Monethes.

Entitled

TO THE NOBLE AND VERtuous Gentleman most worthie of *all titles, both of learning and* chiualry, Maister Philip *Sidney.*



Imprinted at London by IOHN WOLFE for *Iohn Harrison the yonger, dwelling in Paternoster Roe, at the signe of the Anker,* 1586.

TO HIS BOOKE.

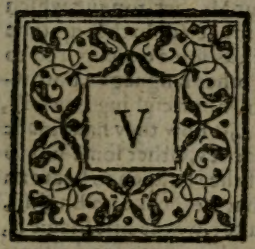
Goe little booke: thy ſelfe preſent,
As childe whoſe parent is vnkent:
To him that is the preſident,
Of nobleneſſe and of cheualree:
And if that Enuie barke at thee,
As ſure it will, for ſuccour flee
Vnder the ſhadow of his wing,
And asked, who thee forth did bring,
A ſhepheardes ſwaine ſay did thee ſing,
All as his ſtraying flocke he fedde:
And when his honour has thee redde,
Craue pardon for my hardy-hedde.
But if that any aske thy name,
Say thou wert baſe begot with blame:
For thy thereof thou takeſt ſhame.
And when thou art paſt ieopardee,
Come tell me, what was ſaid of mee,
And I will ſend more after thee.

Immerito.

IVA11638

¶ To the most excellent and learned both Orator and Poet, Maister Gabriel Haruey, his very speciall and singular good friend E.K commendeth the good liking of this his good labour, and the *patronage of the newe Poet.*

(*.*)



Vncouthe Vnkiste, Sayde the olde famous Poet *Chaucer:* whom for his excellencie and wonderfull skill in making, his scholler *Lidgate*, a worthy scholler of so excellent a master, calleth the Loadestarre of our language: and whom our *Colin Clout* in his Aeglogue calleth Tityrus the God of shepheards, comparing him to the worthinesse of the Romane *Tityrus Virgil.* Which prouerbe, mine owne good friend M. Haruey, as in that good olde Poet it serued well *Pandares* purpose, for the bolstering of his baudy brocage, so very well taketh place in this our newe Poet, who for that he is vncouthe (as sayde *Chaucer*) is vnkist, and vnknowen to most men, is regarded but of fewe. But I doubt not, so soone as his name shall come into the knowledge of men, and his worthinesse be founded in the trump of Fame, but that he shall be not onely kist, but also beloued of all, embraced of the most, and wondred at of the best. No lesse I thinke, deserueth his wittinesse in deuising, his pithinesse in vttering, his complaintes of loue so louely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastorall rudenesse, his morall wisenesse, his due obseruing of *Decorum* euery whete, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speach, and generally in all seemely simplicitie of handling his matter, and framing his wordes: the which of many things which in him be straunge, I knowe will seeme the straungest, the wordes themselues being so ancient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the whole Period and compasse of speach so delightsome for the roundnesse, and so graue for the straungenesse. And first of the wordes to speake, I graunt they be something hard, and of most men vnused, yet both English, and also vsed of most excellent Authours and most famous Poets. In whom when as this our Poet hath bene much traueiled and throughly read, how could it be, (as that worthy Orator sayd) but that walking in the sunne, although for other cause he walked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt, and hauing the sound of those auncient Poets still ringing in his eares, he mought needes in singing hit out some of their tunes. But whether he vseth them by such casualtie and custome, or of set purpose and choyse, as thinking them fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of shepheards, eyther for that their rough sounde would make his rimes more ragged and rusticall, or else because such olde and obsolete wordes are most vsed of countrey folke. sure I thinke, and thinke I thinke not amisse, that they bring great grace, and as one would say, authoritie to the verse. For albe amongst many other faultes it specially be obiected of *Valla* against *Liuie*, and of other against *Salust*, that with ouer much studie they affect antiquitie, as coueting thereby credence and honour of elder yeeres, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the like, that those auncient solemne wordes are a great ornament both in the one and in the other: the one labouring to set forth in his worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of grauitie and importance. For if my memory faile not, *Tullie* in that booke, wherein he endeoureth to set forth the paterne of a perfect Oratour, sayth that oftimes an auncient word maketh the style seeme graue, and as it were reuerend: no otherwise then we honour and reuerence gray haires for a certaine religious regard, which we haue of old age. Yet neither euery where must old words be stuffed in, nor the common Dialecte and maner of speaking so corrupted thereby, that as in old buildings it seeme disorderly and ruinous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they vse to blaze and portract not onely the daintie lineaments of beautie, but also round about it to shadowe the rude thickets and craggy clifts, that by the baseneese of such parts, more excellency may accrew to the principall: for oftentimes we finde our selues, I know not how, singularly delighted with the shew of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order.

order. Euen so do those those rough and harsh termes enlumine and make more clearely to appeare the brightnesse of braue and glorious wordes. So oftentimes a discord in Musike maketh a comely concordance: so great delight tooke the worthy poet Alceus to behold a blemish in the ioynt of a well shaped body. But if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choyse of old and vnwonted words, him may I more iustly blame and condemne, or of witlesse headinesse in iudging, or of heedelesse hardinesse in condemning: for not marking the compasse of his bent, he will iudge of the length of his cast: for in my opinion it is one speciall praise, of many which are due to this poet, that he hath laboured to restore, as to their rightfull heritage such good and naturall English wordes, as haue beene long time out of vse and almost cleane disherited. Which is the onely cause, that our Mother tongue, which truely of it selfe is both full enough for prose, and stately enough for verse, hath long time bene counted most bare and barren of both. Which default when as some endeuoured to salue and recure, they patched vp the holes with pieces and rags of other languages, borowing here of the French, there of the Italian, euery where of the Latin, not weighing howe ill, those tongues accord with themselues, but much worse with ours: So now they haue made our English tongue, a gallimaufrey or hodgepodge of all other speaches. Other some not so well seene in the English tongue as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to heare an old word albeit very naturall and significant, cry out straight way, that we speake no English, but gibberish, or rather such, as in olde time Euanders mother spake: whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their owne mother tongue, strangers to be counted and aliens. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what so they vnderstand not, they straightway deeme to be senselesse, and not at all to be vnderstoode. Much like to the Mole in Aesops fable, that being blinde her selfe, would in no wise be perswaded, that any beast could see. The last more shamefull then both, that of their owne countrey and naturall speach, which together with their Nources milke they sucked, they haue so base regard and bastard iudgement, that they wil not onely themselues not labor to garnish and beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it should be embellished. Like to the dogge in the maunger, that himselfe can eate no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullocke, that so faine would feede: whose currish kinde though it cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thank that they refraine from byting.

Now for the knitting of sentences, which they call the ioynts and members thereof, and for all the compasse of the speach, it is round without roughnesse, and learned without hardnesse, such indeede as may be perceined of the least, vnderstoode of the most, but iudged onely of the learned. For what in most English writers vseth to be loose, and as it were vnright, in this Author is well grounded, finely framed, and strongly trussed vp together. In regard whereof, I scorne and spue out the rakehelly route of our ragged rymers (for so themselues vse to hunt the letter) which without learning boast, without iudgement iangle, without reason rage and fome, as if some instinct of poetical spirit had newly rauished them aboue the meanenesse of common capacitie. And being in the middest of all their brauery, sodenly eyther for want of matter, or of ryme, or hauing forgotten their former conceipt, they seeme to be so pained and trauailed in their remembrance as it were a woman in childebirth, or as that same Pythia, when the traunce came vpon her. *Os rabidum fera corda domãs. &c.*

Nethlesse let them a Gods name feede on their owne folly, so they seeke not to darken the beames of others glory. As for *Colin*, vnder whose person the Authours selfe is shadowed, how farre he is from such vaunted titles & glorious showes, both himself sheweth, where he saith,

Of Muses Hobbin, *I conne no skill.* And,

Enough is me to paint out my vnrest, &c.

And also appeareth by the baseneſse of the name, wherein, it seemeth, he chose rather to vnfold great matter of argument couertly, then professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. Which mooued him rather in Aeglogues, then otherwise to write, doubting perhaps his habilitie, which he litle needed, or mending to furnish our tongue with this kinde, wherein it faulteth, or following the example of the best and most auncient poets, which deuised this kinde of writing, being both so base for the matter, and homely for the maner, at the first to trye their habilities: and as young byrdes, that be newly crept out of the neast, by litle first to proue their tender wings, before they make a greater flight. So flew *Theocritus*, as you may perceiue he was all ready full fledged. So flew *Virgile*, as not yet well feeling his wings. So flew *Mantuane* as not being full fomd. So *Petrarque*. So *Boccace*: So *Marot*, *Sanazarus*, and

and also diuers other excellent both Italian and French poets, whose footing this Author euery where followeth, yet so as few, but they be well sented can trace him out. So finally flyeth this our new poet, as a bird, whose principals be scarce growen out, but yet as one that in time shall be hable to keepe wing with the best. Now as touching the generall dryft & purpose of his Aeglogues, I minde not to say much, himselfe labouring to conceale it. Onely this appeareth, that his vnstayed youth had long wandered in the common Labirinth of Loue, in which time to mittigate and allaye the heate of his passion, or els to warne (as he saith) the young shepheards his equals and cõpanions of his vnfortunate folly, he cõpiled these xii. Aeglogues, which for that they be proportioned to the state of the xii. monethes, he termeth it the *Shepherds Calender*, applying an olde name to a new worke. Hereunto haue I added a certaine Glosse or scholion for the expositiõ of olde wordes and harder phrases which maner of glosing and commenting, well I wote, will seeme strange and rare in our tongue: yet for so much as I knew many excellent and proper deuises both in wordes and matter would passe in the speedie course of reading, either as vnknowen, or as not marked, and that in this kinde, as in other wee might bee equall to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintance I was made priuie to his counsell and secret meaning in them, as also in sundry other works of his. Which albeit I knowe hee nothing so much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I aduentured vpon his friendship, him selfe being for long time farre estraunged, hoping that this will the rather occasion him, to put forth diuers other excellent workes of his, which sleepe in silence, as his Dreames, his Legendes, his Court of Cupid, and sundry others, whose commendations to set out, were very vaine, the things though worthy of many, yet being knowen to few. These my present paynes if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you iudge, mine owne good M. Haruey, to whom I haue both in respect of your worthinesse generally, and otherwise vpon some particular and speciall consideratiõs vowed this my labour, and the maydenhead of thir our common friendes Poetrie, himselfe hauing already in the begianing dedicated it to the Noble and worthy Gentleman, the right Worthipfull M. Philip Sidney, a speciall fauourer and maintainer of all kinde of learning. Whose cause I pray you Sir, if Enuye shall sturre vp any wrongfull accusation, defend with your mightie Rhetorick and other your rare giftes of learning, as you can, and shielde with your good will, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I know wil be set on fire with the sparkes of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the Author vnto you, as vnto his most speciall good friend, and my selfe vnto you both, as one making singular account of two so very good and so choyse friendes, I bid you both most hartily farwell, and commit you and your most commendable studies to the tuition of the greatest.

Your owne assuredly to
be commaunded. E.K.

Post scr.

NOw I trust M. Haruey, that vpon sight of your speciall friendes and fellow Poets doings, or els for enuye of so many vnworthye Quidams, which catch at the garland, which to you alone is due, you will be perswaded to plucke out of the hatefull darkenesse, those so many excellent Englisn poemes of yours, which lie hid, and bring them forth to eternall light. Trust me you do both them great wrong, in depriuing them of the desired sunne, and also your selfe, in smoothering your deserued praises, and all men generally, in withholding from them so diuine pleasures, which they might conceiue of your gallant Englisn verses, as they haue already done of your latine Poemes, which in my opinion both for inuention and Elocution are very delicate, and superexcellent. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good M Haruey. From my lodging at London this 10. of Aprill. 1579.

The generall Argument of the whole booke.

Itle I hope, needeth mee at large to discourse the first Originall of Aeglogues, hauing alreadie touched the same. But for the word Aeglogues I know is vnknowne to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they thinke) I will saie somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes the inuentors of them called Aeglogas *as it were* Aegon, *or* Aeginomon logi, *that is Goteheardes tales. For although in* Virgil *and others the speakers be most sheepheardes, & Goteheardes, yet* Theocritus *in whom is more ground of authority, then in* Virgil, *this specially from that deriuing, as from the first head and Welspring the whole Inuention of this Aeglogues, maketh Goteheardes the persons and authors of his tales. This being, who seeth not the grosenes of such as by colour of learning woulde make vs belieue that they are more rightly termed* Eclogai, *as they would saie, extraordinarie discourses of vnnecessarie matter: which definition al be in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the* Analysis *& interpretation of the word. For they be not termed Eclogues, but Aeglogues, which sentence this author very well obseruing, vpon good iudgement, though in deede few Goteheards haue to doe herein, neuertheless doubteth not to call them by the vsed and best knowne name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserue to greater occasion. These xij. Aeglogues euerie where aunswering to the seasons of the xij. monethes may be well deuided into three formes or ranckes. For either they be Plaintiue, as the first, the sixt, the eleuenth, and the twelth, or recreatiue, such as all those be, which conteine matter*

of loue

of loue, or cõmendation of ſpeciall perſonages, or Morall: which for the moſt part bee mixed with ſome Satyricall bitterneſſe, namely, the ſecond of reuerence due to olde age, the fifth of coloured deceipt, the ſeuenth and ninth of diſſolute ſhepheards & Paſtors, the tenth of contempt of Poetrie and pleaſant wits. And to this diuiſion may euery thing herein be reaſonably applied: A few onlie except, whoſe ſpeciall purpoſe and meaning I am not priuie to. And thus much generally of theſe xij. Aeglogues. Now will we ſpeake particularly of all, and firſt of the firſt. Which he calleth by the firſt monethes name Ianuarie: wherein to ſome he may ſeeme fowlie to haue faulted, in that hee erroniouſlie beginneth with that moneth, which beginneth not the yeare. For it is well knowne, and ſtoutlie maintayned with ſtrong reaſons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March, for then the Sun renueth his finiſhed courſe, and the ſeaſonable ſpring refreſheth the earth, and the pleaſaunce thereof being buried in the ſadnes of the dead Winter now worne away, reliueth.

This opinion maintaine the olde Aſtrologers & Philoſophers, namelie the reuerend Andalo, and Macrobius in his holydaies of Saturne, which account alſo was generallie obſerued both of Grecians and Romaines. But ſauing the leaue of ſuch learned heades, wee maintaine a cuſtome of countinge the ſeaſons from the moneth Ianuarie vpon a more ſpeciall cauſe, then the heathen Philoſophers euer coulde conceiue, that is, for the incarnation of our mightie Sauiour and eternall Redeemer the Lord Chriſte, who as then renewing the ſtate of the decayed worlde, and returninge the compaſſe of expired yeares to their former date and firſt commencement, leſte to vs his heires a memoriall of his birth in the ende of the laſt yeare and beginning of the nexte. Which reckoning, beſide that eternall monument of our ſaluation, leaneth alſo vpon good proofe of ſpeciall iudgement. For albeit that in el-

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der times, when as yet the coumpt of the yeare was not perfected, as afterwarde it was by Iulius Cæsar, they began to tell the monethes from Marches beginning, and according to the same God (as is said in Scripture) commaunded the people of the Iewes to count the moneth Abil, that which we call March, for the first moneth, in remembrance that in that moneth hee brought them out of the land of Aegypt: yet according to tradition of latter times it hath ben otherwise obserued, both in gouernment of the Church, & rule of Mightiest Realmes. For from Iulius Cæsar who first obserued the leape yeare which hee called Bessextilem Annum, *and brought into a more certaine course the odde wãdring dayes which of the* Greekes *were called* Hyperbainontes *of the Romanes* Intercalares (*for in such matter of learning I am forced to vse the termes of the learned*) *the monethes haue ben numbred xij, which in the first ordinance of* Romulus *were but ten, counting but CCCiiij. daies in euery yeare, and beginninge with March. But* Numa Pompilius, *who was the father of all the Romane Ceremonies and Religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the course of the Sun, nor of the Moone, thereunto added two monethes, Ianuarie and Februarie, wherein it seemeth, that wise king minded vpon good reason to beginne the yeare at Ianuarie, of him therefore so called* tanquam Ianua anni *the gate and entrance of the yeare, or of the name of the god* Ianus, *to which God for that the old Paynims attributed the birth and beginning of all creatures new comming into the worlde, it seemeth that he therefore to him assigned the beginning & first entrance of the yeare. Which account for the most part hath hetherto continued. Notwithstanding that the* Egiptians *begin their yeare at September, for that according to the opinion of the best* Rabbins, *and very purpose of the Scripture it self, God made the world in that Moneth, that is called of them* Tisri. *And therefore he commaunded them, to keepe the feast of Pauilions in the*

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ende of the yeare, in the xv. daie of the vij. moneth, which before that time was the first.

But our Author respecting neither the subtilty of the one part nor the antiquity of the other, thinketh it fittest according to the simplicity of cõmon understanding, to begin with Ianuary, wening it perhaps no decorũ *that Shepheards should be seen in matter of so deepe insight, or canuase a case of so doubtfull indgement. So therefore beginneth he, and so continueth hee throughout.*

Ianuarie.

Aegloga Prima.

ARGVMENT.

IN this first Aeglogue Colin Cloute *a shepheardes boie complaineth himselfe of his vnfortunate loue, beeing but newlie (as seemeth) enamoured of a* Countrie lasse *called* Rosalinde: *with which strong affection being verie sore trauailed, hee compareth his carefull case to the sadde season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frosen trees, and to his owne winter beaten flocke. And lastly, finding himselfe robbed of all former pleasaunce and delight, he breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth himselfe to the ground.*

Colin Cloute.

A Shepheardes boye (no better doe him call)
When Winters wastful spight was almost spẽt,
All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent.
So faint they wore, and feeble in the folde,
That now vnnethes their feete could them vphold.

All as the Sheepe, such was the Shepeheards looke,
For pale and wanne hee was, (alas the while,)
May seeme hee lovd, or els some care hee tooke:
Well couth hee tune his pipe, and frame his stile.
Tho to a hill his fainting flocke hee ledde,
And thus hun playnde, the while his sheepe there fedde.

Yee Gods of loue, that pitie louers paine,
(If any gods the paine of louers pitie:)
Looke from aboue, where you in ioyes remaine,
And bow your eares vnto my dolefull dittie.
And Pan thou shepeheards God, that once didst loue,
Pitie the paines, that thou thy selfe didst proue.

Thou barraine ground, whom winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a myrrhour, to beholde my plight:
Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after hasted
Thy sommer prowde with Daffadillies dight.
And now is come thy winters stormie state,
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou maskedst late.

Such rage as winters, raigneth in my hart,
My life bloud frieseth with vnkindly cold:
Such stormie stoures do bréede my balefull smart,
As if my yeare were wast, and woxen old.
And yet alas, but now my spring begonne,
And yet alas, it is already donne.

You naked trees, whose shadie leaues are lost,
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bowre:
And now are clothd with mosse and hoarie frost,
In steede of blossomes, wherewith your buds did flowre:
I see your teares, that from your boughes doe raine,
Whose drops in drerie yficles remaine.

All so my lustfull leafe is drie and sere,
My timely buds with wayling all are wasted:
The blossome, which my braunch of youth did beare,
With breathed sighes is blowne away, and blasted,

And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend,
As on your boughes the ysicles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weake through fast and euill fare:
Maist witnesse well by thy ill gouernment,
Thy maisters minde is ouercome with care.
Thou weake, I wanne: thou leane, I quite forlorne:
With mourning pine I, you with pyning mourne.

A thousand sithes I curse that carefull howre,
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see:
And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure,
Wherein I sawe so faire a sight, as shee.
Yet all for naught: such sight hath bred my bane.
Ah God, that loue should breed both ioy and paine.

It is not Hobbinol, wherefore I plaine,
Albee my loue bee seeke with dayly suit:
His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdaine,
His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.
Ah foolish Hobbinol, thy gifte is bene vaine:
Colin them giues to Rosalind againe.

I loue thilke lasse, (alas why doe I loue?)
And am forlorne, (alas why am I lorne?)
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reproue,
And of my rurall musick holdeth scorne.
Shepheards deuise she hateth as the snake,
And laughes the songes, that Colin Clout doth make.

Wherefore my pipe, albee rude Pan thou please,
Yet for thou pleasest not, where most I would:
And thou vnluckie Muse, that wontst to ease
My musing minde, yet canst not, when thou should:
Both pipe and Muse, shall sore the while abye:
So broke his Oaten pype, and downe did lye.

By that, the welked Phœbus gan availe,
His wearie waine, and nowe the frostie Night

Her mantle blacke through heauen gan ouerhaile.
Which seene, the pensiue boy halfe in despight
Arose, and homeward droue his sunned sheepe,
Whose hanging heades did seeme his carefull cals to weepe.

Colins Embleme.

Anchora speme.

GLOSSE.

Colin Cloute, is a name not greatly vsed, and yet haue I seen a poesie of *M. Skeltons* vnder that title. But indeede the worde of *Colin* is Frenche, and vsed of the French Poet *Marot* (if he be worthy of the name of a Poet) in a certaine Aeglogue. Vnder which name this Poet secretly shadoweth himselfe, as sometime did *Virgil* vnder the name of *Tityrus*, thinking it much fitter, then such Latin names, for the great vnlikelihoode of the language.

Vnnethes, scarcely.

Couthe, commeth of the verbe *Conne*, that is, to know or to haue skill. As well interpreteth the same the worthy Sir *Tho. Smith* in his booke of gouernement: whereof I haue a perfect copie in writing, lent me by his kinsman, and my verie singular good friend, *M. Gabriel Harvey*, as also of some other his most graue and excellent writinges.

Sythe, time. *Neighbour towne*, the next towne: expressing the Latin *Vicina*.

Stoure, a fitte. *Sere*, withered.

His clownish giftes, imitateth *Virgils* verse,

Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.

Hobbinol, is a fained countrey name, whereby, it beeing so common and vsuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his verie speciall and most familiar friend, whome hee entirely and extraordinarily beloued, as peraduenture shall be more largely declared heereafter. In this place seemeth to be some fauour of disorderly loue, which the learned call *Pæderastice*: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For who that hath read *Plato* his Dialogue called *Alcybiades*, *Xenophon* and *Maximus Tyrius* of *Socrates* opinions, may easily perceaue, that such loue is much to be allowed and lyked of, specially so meant, as *Socrates* vsed it: who saith, that indeede he loued *Alcybiades* extreemely, yet not *Alcybiades* person, but his soule, which is *Alcybiades* owne selfe. And so is *pæderastice* muche to be preferred before *Gynerastice*, that is the loue which inflameth men with lust toward woman kind. But yet let no man thinke, that heerein I stand with Lucian, or his deuilish Disciple *Vnico Aretino*, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes of forbidden and vnlawfull fleshlinesse. Whose abhominable error is fully confuted of *Perionius*, and others.

I loue, a pretie Epanorthosis in these two verses, and withall a Paronomasia or playing with the word, where he sayth (*I loue thilke lasse alas &c.*

Rosalinde, is also a feigned name, which beyng well ordered, will bewray the very name of his loue and mistresse, whome by that name he coloureth. So as *Ouid* shadoweth his loue vnder the name of *Corynna*, which of some is supposed to be *Iulia*, the Emperour *Augustus* his daughter, and wife to *Agryppa*. So doth *Aruntius Stella* euerie where call his Lady *Asteris* and *Ianthes*, albeit it is well knowne that her right name was *Violantilla*: as witnesseth *Statius* in his *Epithalamium*. And so the famous Paragon of *Italy*, *Madonna Coelia* in her letters enuelopeth her selfe vnder the name of *Zima*, and *Petrona* vnder the name of *Bellochia*. And this generally hath bene a common custome of counterfaiting the names of secret personages.

Auail, bring downe.

Embleme.

Ouerhaile, drawe ouer.

His Embleme or Poesie is heere vnder added in Italian, *Anchôra spene*, the meaning whereof is, that notwithstanding hys extreeme passion and luckleſſe loue, yet leaning on hope, he is somewhat recomforted.

Februarie.

Aegloga Seunda.

Argument.

THis Aegloue is rather morall and generall, then bent to any secret or particular purpose. It specially containeth a discourse of olde age, in the person of Thenot *an old Shepheard, who for his crookedneſſe and vnluſtineſſe, is scorned of* Cuddie *an vnhappie Heardmans boy. The matter verie well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeare now drooping, and as it were, drawing to his laſt age. For as in this time of yeere, so then in our bodies there is a drie and withering colde, whiche congealeth the crudled bloud, and frieseth the weatherbeaten fleshe, with stormes of Fortune, and hoare frostes of Care.*

To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Bryer, so liuely and so feelingly, as, if the thing were set forth in some Picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

Cuddie. Thenot.

AY for pittie, will rancke Winters rage,
These bitter blastes neuer ginne tast wage?
The kene cold blowes through my beaten hide,
All as I were through the body gride.
My ragged rontes all shiuer and shake,
As doen high Towers in an earthquake:
They woont in the winde wagge their wriggle tayles,
Perke as a Peacocke: but now it auailes.

Thenot.

Lewdly complainest thou lacsie ladde,
Of Winters wracke for making thee sadde.
Must not the worlde wend in his common course
From good to badd, and from badde to worse,
From worse vnto that is worst of all,
And then returne to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormie time,
Where will he liue till the lustie prime?
Selfe haue I worne out thrise thirtie yeeres,
Some in much ioy, many in many teares:
Yet neuer complained of cold nor heate,
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threate:
Ne euer was to Fortune foeman,
But gently tooke, that vngently came.
And euer my flocke was my chiefe care,
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

Cuddie.

No marueile Thenot, if thou can beare
Cherefully the Winters wrathfull cheare:
For age and winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wrye.
And as the lowring Wether lookes downe,

So

So seemest thou like good friday to frowne
But my flouring youth is foe to frost,
My shippe vnwont in stormes to be tost.

Thenot.

The soueraigne of seas he blames in vaine,
That once sea-beate, will to sea againe.
So loytring liue you little heardgroomes,
Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes:
And when the shining sunne laugheth once,
You deemen, the Spring is come attonce.
Tho ginne you, fond flies, the cold to scorne,
And crowing in pypes made of greene corne,
You thinken to be Lordes of the yeare:
But eft, when ye count you freed from feare,
Comes the breme winter with chamfred browes,
Full of wrinckles and frostie furrowes:
Drerily shooting his stormie darte,
Which cruddles the bloud, and pricks the harte.
Then is your careleste courage accoyed,
Your carefull heardes with cold be annoyed.
Then pay you the price of your surquedrie,
With weeping, and wailing, and miserie.

Cuddie.

Ay foolish olde man, I scorne thy skill,
That wouldest me, my springing youth to spill.
I deeme, thy braine emperished be
Through rustie elde, that hath rotted thee.
Dr sicker thy head verie tottie is,
So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.
Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and topp,
Als my budding braunch thou wouldest cropp:
But were thy yeeres greene, as now bene mine,
To other delightes they would encline.
Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of Loue,
And hery with hymnes thy lasses gloue.
Tho wouldest thou pype of Phillis praise:
But Phillis is mine for many dayes:

I wonne

I wonne her with a girdle of gelt,
Embòst with buegle about the belt.
Such an one shepheardes would make full faine:
Such an one would make thee young againe.

Thenot.

Thou art a fon, of thy loue to bokke,
All that is lent to loue, will be lokt.

Cuddie.

Seest, how brag yond Bullocke beares.
So smirke, so smoothe, his pricked eares:
His hornes bene as broade, as Rainebow bent,
His dewelap as lythe, as lasse of Kent.
See how he venteth into the winde,
Weeneth of loue is not in minde?
Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,
So luckleſſe bene they, so weake so wan,
Clothed with cold, and hoarie with frost.
Thy flockes father his courage hath lost:
Thy Ewes, that woont to haue blowne bags,
Like wailefull widdowes hangen they crags:
The rather Lambes bene starued with cold,
All for their Maister is luckleſſe and old.

Thenot.

Cuddie, I wote thou kenst litle good,
So vainely to aduaunce thy headleſſe hood.
For ynough is a bubble blowne vp with breath,
Whose witte is weakeneſſe, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wilderneſſe, whose ynne Penaunce,
And stoopegallaunt Age the hoast of Greeuaunce.
But shall I tell thee a tale of trueth,
Which I cond of Tityrus in my youth,
Keeping his sheepe on the hilles of Kent?

Cuddie.

To nought more Thenot, my minde is bent,
Then to heare nouells of his deuise:
They bene so well thewed, and so wise,
What euer that good old man beſpeake.

Thenot.

THE NOT.

Many meete tales of youth did hee make,
And some of loue, and some of cheualrie:
But none fitter then this to applie.
Now listen a while, and hearken the end.

There grewe an aged Tree on the greene,
A goodly Oake sometime had it bene,
With armes full strong and largely displayd,
But of their leaues they were disarayde:
The bodie bigge, and mightily pight,
Throughly rooted, and of wonderous hight:
Whilome had bene the king of the fielde,
And mochell mast to the husbande did yielde,
And with his nuts larded many swine.
But now the gray mosse marred his rine,
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
His toppe was bald, and walked with wormes,
His honour decayed, his braunches sere.
Yard by his side grewe a bragging breere,
Which prowdly thrust into Thelement,
And seemed to threat the Firmament.
It was embellisht with blossomes faire,
And thereto aye wonned to repayre
The shepheards daughters, to gather flowres,
To painte their girlonds with his colowres.
And in his small bushes vsed to shrowde
The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde:
Which made this foolish Breere wexe so bold,
That on a time hee cast him to scold,
And snebbe the good Oake, for hee was old.
Why standst there (quoth) thou brutish blocke?
Nor for fruit, nor for shadowe serues thy stocke:
Seest, how fresh my flowers bene spredde,
Dyed in Lilly white, and Crimsin redde,
With Leaues engrained in lustie greene,
Colours meete to clothe a mayden Queene.

Thy waſſe bignes but combers the ground,
And dirks the beautie of my bloſſomes round.
Thy mouldie moſſe, which thee accloyeth,
My Sinamon ſmell too much annoyeth.
Wherefore ſoone I rede thee hence remooue,
Leaſt thou the price of my diſpleaſure prooue.
So ſpake this bold Brere with great diſdaine:
Little him aunſwered the Dake againe,
But yeelded, with ſhame and griefe adawed,
That of a Weede hee was ouercrawed.

It chaunced after vpon a day,
The huſbandman ſelfe to come that way,
Of cuſtome for to ſeruewe his grounde,
And his trees of ſtate in compaſſe rounde.
Him when the ſpightefull Brere had eſpyed,
Cauſleſſe complayned, and lowdly cryed
Vnto his Lord, ſtirring vp ſterne ſtrife:
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,
Pleaſeth you ponder your Suppliaunts playnt,
Cauſed of wrong, and cruell conſtraint,
Which I your poore Vaſſall daylie endure:
And but your goodnes the ſame recure,
Am like for deſperate doole to die,
Through felonous force of mine enemie.

Greatly agaſt with this piteous plea,
Him reſted the good-man on the lea,
And badde the Brere in his plaint proceede,
With painted wordes tho gan this prowde weede,
(As moſt vſen Ambitious folke:)
His coloured crime with craft to cloke:

Ah my ſoueraigne, Lord of Creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hande,
To bee the Primroſe of all thy lande.
With flowring bloſſomes, to furniſh the prime,
And ſcarlet berries in Sommer time?
Howe falls it then, that this faded Dake,

Whoſe

Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke,
Whose naked Armes stretch vnto the fyre,
Vnto such tyrannie doth aspire:
Hindering with his shade my louely light,
And robbing mee of the sweete sunnes sight:
So beate his olde boughes my tender side,
That oft the bloude spyngeth from woundes wyde:
Vntimelie my flowres forced to fall,
That bene the honour of your Coronall.
And oft hee lets his cancker wormes light
Vpon my braunches, to worke me more spight:
And of his hoarie locks downe doth cast,
Where with my fresh Flowrets bene defast.
For this, and many more such outrage.
Crauing your goodlyheade to asswage
The ranckrous rigour of his might:
Nought aske I, but onely to holde my right:
Submitting mee to your good sufferaunce,
And praying to be garded from greeuaunce.
To this this Dake cast him to replie
Well as hee couth: but his enemie
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
That the good man noulde stay his leasure.
But home him hasted with furious heate,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threate.
His harmefull Watchet he hent in hand,
(Alas, that it so readie shoulde stand)
And to the fielde alone hee spedeth.
(Aye little help to harme there needeth)
Anger nould let him speake to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee:
But to the roote bent his sturdie stroke,
And made many woundes in the waste Dake.
The Ares edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe vnwilling to cutte the graine:
Seemed, the senseless tron did feare,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbeare.

For it had bene an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a misteree,
And often crost with the prestes trewe,
And often hallowed with holy water dewe.
But like fansies weren foolerie,
And broughten this Dake to this miserie.
For nought mought they quitten him from decay:
For fiercely the good man at him did laye.
The blocke oft groned vnder the blow,
And sighed to see his neere ouerthrow.
In fine the steele had pierced his pith,
Tho downe to the earth hee fell forthwith:
His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,
Thearth shronke vnder him, and seemed to shake.
There lyeth the Dake, pitied of none.
Now stands the Bere like a Lord alone,
Puffed vp with pryde and vaine pleasaunce:
But all this glee had no continuaunce.
For eftsones Winter gan to approche,
The bluskring Boreas did encroche,
And beate vpon the solitarie Bere:
For nowe no succour was seene him neere.
Now gan hee repent his pride too late:
For naked left and disconsolate,
The byting frost nipt his stalke deade,
The watrie wette weighed downe his heade,
And heaped snowe burdned him so sore,
That nowe vpright hee can stand no more:
And being downe, is trode in the durt
Of cattell, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
Such was thende of this ambitious Bere,
For scorning Eld.

CVDDIE.

Now I pray thee Shepheard, tell it not forth:
Here is a long tale, and little worth.

So

So long haue I listened to thy speche,
That grafted to the ground is my breche:
My heart blood is welnigh froyne I feele,
And my galage growne fast to my heele:
But little ease of thy lewde tale I tasted,
Hie thee home Shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

Thenots Embleme.

Iddio perche è vecchio,
Fa suoi al suo essempio.

Cuddies Embleme.

Niuno vecchio,
Spaventa Iddio.

GLOSSE.

Kene, sharpe.

Gride, perced: an olde word much vsed of *Lidgate*, but not founde (that I know of) in Chaucer.

Ronts, young bullockes.

Wracke, ruine or Violence, whence commeth shipwracke: and not wreake, that is vengeaunce or wrath.

Foeman, a foe.

Thenot, the name of a shepheard in Marot his Aeglogues.

The Soueraigne of Seas, is Neptune the God of the seas. The saying is borrowed of Mimus Publianus, which vsed this prouerb in a verse.

Improbe Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.

Heardgromes, Chaucers verse almost whole.

Fond flies, He compareth careless sluggardes or ill husbandmen to flyes, that so soone as the sunne shineth, or it waxeth any thing warme, begin to flie abroade when so dainly they be ouertaken with colde:

But eft when, A very excellent and lively description of Winter, so as may be indifferently taken, eyther for olde age, or for Winter season.

Breme, Chill, bitter.
Chamfred, chapt, or wrinckled.
Accoied, plucked downe and daunted.
Surquedrie, pryde.
Elde, olde age.
Sicker, sure.
Totte, wauering.
Corbe, crooked.
Herie, worship.

Phyllis, the name of some mayde vnknowne, whom Cuddie, whose person is secret, loued. The name is vsuall in Theocritus, Virgil, and Mantuane.

Belte, a girdle or waste band.
A jon, a foole.
Lyth, soft and gentle.
Venteth, snuffeth in the winde.
Thy flockes father, the Ramme.
Crags, neckes.
Rather Lambes, that be ewed early in the beginning of the yeere.

Youth is, A very morall and pithy Allegorie of youth, and the lusts thereof, compared to a wearie wayfaring man.

Tityrus, I suppose hee meane Chaucer, whose praise for pleasaunt tales can not dye, so long as the memorie of his name shall liue, and the name of Poetrie shall endure.

Well thewed, that is, *Bene morata*. full of morall wisenesse.

at length him selfe was entangled, and vnwares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupids arrowe.

Willye. Thomalin.

THomalin, why sitten wee soe,
As weren ouerwent with woe,
Vpon so fayre a morow?
The ioyous time nowe nigheth fast,
That shall alegge this bitter blast,
And slake the Winter sorowe.

Thomalin.

Sicker Willye, thou warnest well:
For Winters wrath beginnes to quell,
And pleasaunt spring appeareth.
The grasse nowe ginnes to bee refresht:
The Swallowe peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

Willye.

Sawst not thilke same Hawthorne studde,
Howe bragly it beginnes to budde,
And vtter his tender heade?
Flora nowe calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make readie Maias bower,
That newe is vprysk from bedd.
Tho shall wee sporten in delight,
And learne with Lettice to wexe light,
That scornefully lookes askaunce:
Tho will wee little Loue awake,
That nowe sleepeth in Lethe lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

Thomalin.

Willye, I weene thou bee allot:
For lustie Loue still sleepeth not,
But is abroade at his game.

Willye.

Howe kenst thou, that hee is awoke?

Or hast thy selfe his slomber broke?
Or made priuie to the same?

Thomalin.

No,but happily I him spide,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With winges of purple and blewe.
And were not,that my sheepe would stray
The priuie markes I woulde bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knew.

Willye.

Thomalin,haue no care for thy,
My selfe will haue a double eye,
Vnlike to my flocke and thine:
For alas at home I haue a syre,
A stepdame eke as hote as fyre,
That dewly adayes counts mine.

Thomalin.

Nay,but thy seeing will not serue,
My sheepe for that may chaunce to swerue,
And fall into some mischiefe.
For sithens is but the third morowe,
That I chaunst to fall a sleepe with sorrow,
And waked againe with griefe:
The while thilke same vnhappie Ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe,
Fell headlong into a dell.
And there vnioynted both her bones:
Mought her neck bene ioynted attones,
She shoulde haue neede no more spell.
Thelfe was so wanton and so wood,
(But now I trowe can better good)
She mought ne gang on the greene.

Willye.

Let be,as may be,that is past:
That is to come,let be forecast.
Now tell vs, what thou hast seene.

Thomalin.

It was vpon a holiday,
When shepheardes groomes han leaue to play,
I cost to go a shooting.
Long wandring vp and downe the land,
With bow and bolts in either hand,
For birdes in bushes tooting:
At length within the Puie toode
(There shrowded was the little God)
I heard a busie bustling.
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listning if anie thing did rush,
But then heard no more rustling.
Tho peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the mouing of some quicke,
Whose shape appeared not:
But were it faerie, feend, or snake,
My courage earnd it to awake,
And manfully thereat shotte.
With that sprang forth a naked swayne,
With spotted winges like Peacocks trayne,
And laughing lope to a tree.
His gylden quiuer at his backe,
And siluer bowe, which was but slacke:
Which lightly he bent at me.
That seeing I, leueld againe,
And shotte at him with might and maine,
As thicke, as it had hailed.
So long I shott, that all was spent:
Tho pumie stones I hastly hent,
And threwe: but nought auayled:
He was so wimble, and so wight,
From bough to bough he lepped light,
And oft the pumies latched.
Therewith affrad I ranne away:
But he, that earst seemed but to play,
A shaft in earnest snatched.

And

And hit me running in the heele:
For then I little smart did feele:
But soone it sore increased.
And now it ranckleth more and more,
And inwardly it festreth sore,
Me wote I, how to cease it.

Willye.

Thomalin, I pittie thy plight,
Perdie with loue thou diddest fight:
I know him by a token.
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught vpon a day.
(Whereof he will be wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion Crowes had set,
That in our Pearetree haunted.
Tho said, he was a winged lad,
But bowe and shaftes as then none had:
Els had he sore be daunted.
But see the Welkin thicks apace,
And stouping Phoebus steepes his face:
Yts time to haste vs homeward.

Willyes Embleme.

To be wise and eke to loue,
Is graunted scarce to God aboue.

Thomalins Embleme.

Of hony and of gaule in loue there is store.
The hony is much, but the gaule is more.

GLOSSE.

This Aeglogue seemeth somewhat to resemble that same of *Theocritus*, where in the boy likewise telling the olde man, that hee had shott at a winged boy in a tree, was by hym warned, to beware of mischiefe to come.

Ouer went, ouergone,
To quell, to abate.
Alegge, to leſſen or aſſwage,
Welkin, the skie.

The ſwalowe: Which bird vſeth to be counted the meſſenger, and as it were, the forerunner of ſpring.

Flora, the Goddeſſe of flowres, but indeede (as ſaith *Tacitus*) a famous harlot, which with the abuſe of her body hauing gotten great riches, made the people of Rome her heyre: who in remembraunce of ſo great beneficence, appointed a yeerely feaſt for the memorial of her, calling her, not as ſhe was, nor as ſome doe thinke, *Antronica*, but *Flora*: making her the Goddeſſe of all flowres, and doing yeerely to her ſolemne ſacrifice.

Maias bowre, that is the pleaſaunt fielde, or rather the Maye buſhes. *Maia* is a Goddeſſe and the mother of *Mercurie*, in honour of whome the moneth of Maye is of her name ſo called, as ſayth *Macrobius*.

Lettuce, the name of ſome country laſſe.

Aſcaunce, as kewe or aſquint.
For thy, therefore,

Lethe, is a lake in hell, which the Poets call the lake of forgetfulneſſe. For *Lethe* ſignifieth forgetfulneſſe. Wherein the ſoules being dipped, dyd forgette the cares of this former life. So that by our ſleeping in *Lethe* lake, he meaneth hee was almoſt forgotten and out of knowledge, by reaſon of Winters hardneſſe, when all pleaſures as it were, ſleepe and weare out of minde.

Aſſotte, to dote.

His ſlomber, to breake Loues ſlomber, to exerciſe the delightes of Loue and wanton pleaſures.

Winges of Purple, ſo is he faigned of the Poetes.

For als, he imitateth Virgils verſe.

Eſt mihi namque domi pater, eſt iniuſta nouerca &c.

A dell, a hole in the ground.

Spell, is a kinde of verſe or charme, that in elder times they vſed often to ſay ouer euery thing, that they would haue preſerued, as the Nightſpell for theeues, and the Woodſpel. And heerehence I thinke is named the Gods ſpell or worde. And ſo ſaith Chaucer, Liſteneth Lordinges to my ſpell.

Gange, goe.
An Yuie todde, a thicke buſhe.

Swaine, a boye: For ſo is he deſcribed of the Poetes, to bee a boye. I. alwaies freſhe and luſtie: blind/olded, becauſe he maketh no difference of Perſonages, with diuers coloured winges, I. full of flying fancies: with bow and arrow, that is with glaunce of beautie, which pricketh as a forked arrow. He is ſaid alſo to haue ſhaftes, ſome leaden, ſome golden: that is, both pleaſure for the gratious and loued, and ſorrowe for the loue that is diſdained or forſaken. But who liſt more at large to behold Cupids colours and furniture, let hym read eyther *Propertius*, or *Moſchus* his *Idyllion* of wandring loue, being now moſt excellently tranſlated into Latine by the ſinguler learned man *Angelus Politianus*: whiche worke I haue ſeene amongeſt other of this Poetes doinges, verye well tranſlated alſo into Engliſh Rymes.

Wimble and wighte, Quicke and deliuer.

In the heele, is verie Poetically ſpoken, and not without ſpecial iudgement. For I remember, that in *Homer* it is ſayde of *Thetis*, that ſhee tooke her young babe *Achilles* beyng newly borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the Riuer of *Styx*. The vertue whereof is, to defend and keepe the bodyes waſhed therein from any mortall wound. So *Achilles* beeyng waſhed all ouer, ſaue onely his heele, by whiche hys mother held, was in the reſt inuulnerable: therefore by *Paris* was feyned to bee ſhotte with a poyſoned arrowe in the heele, whiles he was buſie about the marying of *Polyxena* in the temple of *Apollo*. Whiche myſticall fable *Euſtathius* vnfolding, ſaith: that by wounding the heele, is meant luſtfull loue. For from the heele (as ſay the beſt phiſitions) to the priuie partes there paſſe certaine veines and ſlender ſinnewes, as alſo the like come from the head, and are carried like little pypes behinde the eares: ſo that (as ſayth *Hipocrates*) if thoſe veines there bee cut a ſunder, the partie ſtraight becommeth cold and vnfruitfull. Which reaſon our Poet well weighing,

maketh

maketh this shepheardes boye of purpose to be wounded by Loue in the heele.

Laiched, caught. *Wroken*, reuenged.

For once, In this tale is sette out the simplicitie of shepheardes opinion of Loue.

Stouping Phoebus, Is a Periphrasis of the sunne setting.

Embleme.

Heereby is meant, that all the delightes of Loue, wherein wanton youthe walloweth, bee but follye mixte with bitternesse, and sorrowe sawced with repentaunce. For besides that the verie affection of Loue it selfe tormenteth the minde, and vexeth the bodie many wayes, with vnrestfulnesse all night, and wearinesse all daye, seeking for that wee cannot haue, and finding that wee woulde not haue: euen the selfe thinges whiche best before vs liked, in course of time, and chaunge of riper yeeres, whiche also therewithall chaungeth our woonted liking and former fantasies, will then seeme lothesome and breede vs annoyaunce, when youthes flower is withered, and wee finde our bodyes and wittes aunswere not to such vaine iollitie and lustfull pleasaunce.

Aegloga Quarta.

Argument.

THis Aeglogue is purposely intended to the honour and prayse of our most gracious soueraigne, Queene Elizabeth. *The speakers herein be* Hobbinoll *and* Thenot, *two shepheardes: the which* Hobbinoll *being before mentioned, greatly to haue loued* Colin, *is here sette forth more largely, complaining him of that boyes great misaduenture in Loue, whereby his minde was alienate and withdrawne not onely from him, who most loued him, but also from all former delightes and studies as well in pleasaunt piping, as cunning rymming and singing, and other hys laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion for proofe his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a song, which they sayd* Colin *sometime made in honor of her Maiestie, whome abruptly he termeth Elisa.*

Thenot. Hobbinoll.

TEll me good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete?
What hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes ytorne?
Or is thy Bagpipe broke, that soundes so sweete?
Or art thou of thy loued lasse forlorne?
Or bene thine eies attempred to the yeare,

Quenching

Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne:
Like Aprill showre, so streames the trickling teares
Adowne thy cheeke, to quench thy thirstie paine.

Hobbinoll.

Nor this, nor that, so much doth make me mourne,
But for the ladde, whome long I loued so deare,
Now loues a lasse, that all his loue doth scorne:
He plunged in paine, his tressed locks doth teare.

Shepheardes delight he doth them all forsweare,
His pleasaunt Pipe, which made vs meriment,
He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbeare
His wonted songes, wherein he all outwent.

Thenot.

What is he for a Ladde, you so lament?
Vs loue such pinching paine to them, that proue?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to bridle loue?

Hobbinoll.

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepheardes boye:
Him Loue hath wounded with a deadly darte.
Whilome on him was all my care and ioye,
Forcing with giftes to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me his madding minde is starte,
And woes the Widdowes daughter of the glenne:
So now fayre Rosalinde hath bredde his smart,
So now his friend is chaunged for a frenne.

Thenot.

But if his ditties be so trimly dight,
I pray thee Hobbinoll, recorde some one:
The whiles our flockes doe gaze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in this shade alone.

Hobbinoll.

Contented I: then will I sing his laye
Of fayre Elisa, Queene of Shepheardes all:
Which once he made, as by a spring he laye,
And turned it vnto the waters fall.

YE daintie Nymphes, that in this blessed Brooke
doe bathe your brest,
Forsake your watrie bowres, and hether looke,
at my request:
And eke you Virgins, that on Parnasse dwell,
Whence floweth Helicon the learned well,
Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy prayse,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of fayre Elisa be your siluer song,
that blessed wight:
The flowre of Virgins, may she flourish long,
In princely plight.
For she is Syrinx daughter without spotte,
Which Pan the shepheardes God of her begotte:
So sprong her grace
Of heauenly race,
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

See, where she sits vpon the grassie greene,
(O seemely sight)
Yclad in Scarlot like a mayden Queene,
And Ermines white.
Vpon her head a Cremosin coronet,
With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set:
Bayleaues betweene,
And Primroses greene
Embellish the sweete Violet.

Tell me, haue ye seene her angelike face,
Like Phoebe fayre?
Her heauenly haueour, her princely grace
can you well compare?
The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten liuely chere.
Her modest eye,
Her Maiestie.
Where haue you seene the like, but there?

I sawe Phœbus thrust out his golden hedde,
vpon her to gaze
But when he saw, how broade her beames did spredde,
it did him amaze.
Hee blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his firie face out showe:
Let him, if hee dare,
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to haue the ouerthrowe.

Shewe thy selfe Cynthia with thy siluer rayes,
and be not abasht:
When shee the beames of her beautie displayes,
O how art thou dasht?
But I will not match her with Latonaes seede,
Such follie great sorow to Niobe did breede.
Now shee is a stone,
And makes daylie mone,
Warning all other to take hëede.

Pan may bee prowde, that euer hee begot
such a Bellibone,
And Syrinx reioyce, that euer was her lot
to beare such an one.
Sowne as my younglinges cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milk white Lamb:
Shee is my goddesse plaine,
And I her shepheardes swayne,
Albëe forswonck and forswatt I am,
I see Calliope speede her to the place,
where my Goddesse shines:
And after her the other Muses trace,
With their Violines.
Bene they not Bay-braunches, which they doe beare,
All for Elisa in her hand to weare?
So swëetelie they play:
And sing all the way,
That it a heauen is to heare.

Lo how finely the graces can it foote
to the Instrument:
They daunce deftly, and singen soote,
in their merriment.
Wants not a fourth grace, to make the daunce euen?
Let that rowme to my Lady bee yeuen:
Shee shalbe a grace,
To fill the fourth place,
And raigne with the rest in heauen.

And whither renues this beuie of Ladies bright,
raunged in a rowe?
They bene all Ladyes of the lake behight,
that vnto her goe.
Chlores, that is the chiefest Nymph of all,
Of Olive braunches beares a Coronall:
Olives bene for peace,
When warres doe surcease:
Such for a Princesse bene principall.

Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
hye you there apace:
Let none come there, but that Virgins bene,
to adorne her grace.
And when you come, whereas shee is in place,
See, that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:
Binde your fillets fast,
And gird in your waste,
For more finesse, with a tawdrie lace.

Bring heather the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
with Gellisflowres:
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
worne of Paramoures.
Strowe mee the grounde with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:
The pretie Pawnce,
And the Cheuisaunce.
Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.

Now

Now ryse vp Elisa, decked as thou art,
in royall aray:
And now yee daintie Damsells may depart
eche one her way,
I feare, I haue troubled your troupes too long:
Let dame Elisa thanke you for her song.
And if you come heather,
When Damsines I gether,
I will part them all among.

Thenot.

And was thilk same song of Colins owne making?
Ah foolish boy, that is with loue yblent:
Great pittie is, hee bee in such taking,
For naught caren, that bene so lewdly bent.

Hobbinoll.

Sicker I holde him, for a greater fon,
That loues the thing, hee cannot purchase.
But let vs homeward for night drayweth on,
And twinckling starres the daylight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

O quam te memorem virgo?

Hobbinolls Embleme.

O dea certe.

GLOSSE.

Gars thee greete, causeth thee weepe and complayne. *Forlorne*, left and forsaken.

Attempred to the yeere, agreeable to the season of the yeere, that is Aprill, which moneth is most bent to shoures and seasonable rayne: to quench, that is, to delay the drought, caused through drinesse of March wyndes.

The laude, Colin Clout. *The lasse*, Rosalinda. *Tresſed lockes*, wethered and curled.

Is hee for a ladde, A straunge maner of speaking. s. what maner of Lad is hee?

To make, to ime and versifie. For in this worde, making, our olde Englishe Poets were wont to comprehend all the skill of Poetrie, according to the Greeke word *Poiein*, to make, whence commeth the name of Poets.

Colin thou kenſt, knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin perteyneth to some Southerne noble man, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent, the rather because hee so often nameth the Kentish downes, and before, *Aſhythe* as lasse of Kent.

The Widowes, He calleth Rosalind the Widowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a countrey Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather said to colour and conceale the person, then simply spoken. For it is well knowen, euen in spight of *Colin* and *Hobbinoll*, that she is a Gentlewoman of no meane house, nor endewed with any vulgar and common giftes both of nature and maners: but such in deede, as neede neither *Colin* be ashamed to haue her made knowen by his verses, nor *Hobbinoll* be grieued, that so she shoulde bee commended to immortalitie for her rare and singuler vertues: Specially deseruing it no lesse, then eyther *Myrto* the most excellent Poet *Theocritus* his dearling, or *Laureta* the diuine Petraches Goddesse, or *Himera* the worthie Poet *Stesichorus* his Idole: Vpon whome he is saide so much to haue doted, that in regerd of her excellencie, he scorned and wrote against the beautie of *Helena*. For which his presumptuous and vnheady hardinesse, he is sayd by vengeaunce of the Gods, thereat being offended, to haue lost both his eyes.

Frenne, a straunger. The worde I thinke was first poetically put, and afterward vsed in common custome of speeche for forreine.

Dight, adorned. *Loye*, a songe. as Roundelayes and Virelayes.

In all this song is not to be respected, what the worthinesse of her Maiestie deserueth, nor what to the highnesse of a Prince is agreeable, but what is most comely for the meaneſſe of a shepheards wit, or to conceiue, or to vtter. And therefore he calleth her *Elyſa*, as through rudenesse tripping in her name: and a shepheards daughter, it being very vnfit, that a shepheards boy brought vp in the sheepefolde, should know, or euer seeme to haue hearde of a Queenes royalty.

Tee daintie, is, as it were an *Exordium ad præparandos animos*.

Virgins, the nine Muses, daughters of Apollo and Memorie, whose abode the Poets faine to be on Parnassus, a hill in Greece, for that in that countrey specially florished the honor of all excellent studies.

Helicon, is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of Parnassus, and also of a mountaine in Boætia, out of which floweth the famous Spring Castalius, dedicate also to the Muses: of which spring it is sayd, that when Pegasus the winged horse of Perseus (whereby is meant fame and flying renowme) strooke the grounde with his hoofe, sodaynly thereout sprang a well of most cleare, and pleasaunt water, which fro thence was consecrate to the Muses & Ladyes of learning.

Your ſiluer ſong, seemeth to imitate the lyke in Hesyodus *argureen melos*.

Syrinx, is the name of Nymphe of Arcadie, whom when Pan being in loue pursued she flying from him, of the Gods was turned into a reede. so that Pan catching at the Reedes in steede of the Damosell, and puffing hard (for he was almost out of winde) with his breath made the Reedes to pype: which he seeing, tooke of them, and in remembraunce of his lost loue, made him a pype thereof. But here by Pan and Syrinx is not to be thought, that the shepheard simply meant those Poeticall Gods: but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progeny to be diuine and immortall (so as the Paynims were wont to iudge of all Kings and Princes, according to Homers saying.

Thumos

Thumos de megas esti diotrepheos basileos,
Time d''ek dios esti, philes de è meticta Zeu,)

coulde deuise no parents in his iudgement so worthie for her, as Pan the shepheardes God, and his best beloued Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant the most famous and victorious king, her highnesse Father, late of worthy memory king Henry the eyght. And by that name, oftentimes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mighty potentates: And in some place Christ him selfe, who is the very Pan and God of shepheards.

Cremosin Coronet, hee deuiseth her crowne to be of the finest and most delicate flowers, in steede of perles and precious stones, wherewith princesse Diademes vse to be adorned and embost.

Emblemish, beautifie and set out.

Phebe, the Moone, whom the poets faine to be sister vnto Phœbus, that is the Sunne.

Medled, mingled.

Yfere, together. By the mingling of the Redde rose and the White, is ment the vniting of the two principall houses of Lancaster and of Yorke: by whose long discorde and deadly debate, this Realme many yeeres was sore trauailed, and almost cleane decayed. Till the famous Henry the seuenth, of the line of Lancaster, taking to wyse the most vertuous princesse Elizabeth, daughter to the fourth Edwarde of the house of Yorke, begat the most royall Henry the eyght aforesayde, in whom was the first vnion of the White Rose and the Redde.

Calliope, one of the nine Muses: to whom they assigne the honor of all Poeticall inuention, and the first glory of the Heroicall verse, other say, that shee is the Goddesse of Rhetorick: but by Virgill it is manifest, that they mystake the thing. For there in his Epigrams, that arte seemeth to be attributed to Polymnia, saying:

Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu.

Which seemeth specially to be meant of Action and elocution, both speciall partes of Rhetorick: beside that her name, which (as some construe it) importeth great remembrance, containeth another part. But I holde rather with them, which call her Polymnia, or Polyhymnia of her good singing.

Bay braunches, bee the signe of honor and victory, and therefore of mighty Conquerors worne in their tryumphes, and eke of famous poets, as sayth Petrarch in his Sonets.

Arbor vittoriosa triumphale,
Honor d' Imperadori & di Poeti, &c.

The Graces, bee three sisters, the daughters of Iupiter, (whose names are *Agalaia*, *Thalie*, *Euphrosyne*: and *Homer* onely addeth a fourth. s. *Pasithea*) otherwise called *Charites*, that is thankes. Whom the Poets fayned to bee Goddesses of all bounty and comelinesse, which therefore (as sayth *Theodontius*) they make three, to weete, that men first ought to bee gratious and bountifull to other freely, then to receiue benefites at other mens handes curteously: and thirdly to requite them thankfully: which are three sundrie Actions in liberality. And *Boccace* sayth, that they bee paynted naked, (as they were in deede on the toumbe of C. Iulius Cæsar) the one hauing her backe towarde vs, and her face fromward, as proceeding from vs: the other two towarde vs, noting double thanke to be due to vs for the benefit, we haue done.

Deffly, finely and nimbly. *Soote*, sweete. *Meriment*, mirth.

Beuie, A beauie of Ladies, is spoken figuratiuely for a company or troupe, the terme is taken of Larkes. For they say a beuie of Larkes, euen as a Couey of Partridges, or an eye of Pheasaunts.

Ladyes of the Lake, bee Nymphes. For it was an olde opinion among the auncient heathen, that of euery spring and fountaine was a goddesse the Soueraigne. Which opinion stucke in the mindes of men not many yeeres sithence, by meanes of certaine fine fablers, and lowde lyers, such as were the Authors of king Arthur the great, and such like, who tell

many an vnlawfull leasing of the Ladyes of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the word Nymphe in Greece signifieth Well water, or otherwise, a Spouse or Bryde.

Bedight, called or named.

Cloris, the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greenesse, of whom is sayd, that Zephyrus the Westerne winde being in loue with her, and coueting her to wife, gaue her for a dowry, the chiefedome and souerainty of all flowers and greene hearbes, growing on earth.

Oliues bone, the Oliue was wont to be the ensigne of peace and quietnesse, eyther for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to, as it ought, but in time of peace: or els for that the Oliue tree, they say, will not growe neare the Firre tree, which is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and vsed most for Speares and other instrumentes of warre. Whereupon is finely fayned, that when Neptune and Minerua stroue for the naming of the City of Athens, Neptune striking the grounde with his Mace, caused a horse to come forth, that importeth warre, but at Mineruaes stroke sprong out an Oliue, to note that it should be a Nurse of learning, and such peaceable studies.

Binde your, spoken rudely, and according to shepheardes simplicity.

Bring, all these be names of flowers. Sops in wine a flower in colour much like to a Coronation, but differing in smell and quantity. Flowre delice, that which they vse to misterme, Flowre deluce, being in Latine called *Flos delitiarum*.

A Bellibone, or a Bonnibell, homely spoken for a faire mayde or Bonilasse.

Forswonck, and forswat, ouerlaboured and sunneburnt.

I sawe Phœbus, the sunne. A sensible Narration, and present viewe of the thing mentioned, which they call *Paronsia*.

Cynthia, the Moone so called of *Cynthus* a hyll, where she was honoured.

Latonaes seede, Was *Apollo*, and *Diana*. Whom when as *Niobe* the wife of *Amphion* scorned, in respect of the noble fruit of her wombe, namely her seuen sonnes, & so many daughters, *Latona* being therewith displeased, commaunded her sonne *Phœbus* to slea all the sonnes, and *Diana* all the daughters: whereat the vnfortunate *Niobe* being sore dismayed, and lamenting out of measure, was fayned of the Poets to bee turned into a stone vpon the Sepulchre of her children, for which cause the shepheard sayth, hee will not compare her to them, for feare of missfortune.

Now rise, is the conclusion. For hauing so decked her with praises and comparisons, hee returneth all the thanke of his labour to the excellencie of her Maiestie.

When Damsins, A base reward of a clownishe giuer.

Yblent, Y, is a poeticall addition, blent blinded.

Embleme.

This Poesie is taken out of *Virgil*, and there of him vsed in the person of *Aeneas* to his mother *Venus*, appearing to him in likenesse of one of *Dianes* damosells: being there most diuinely set forth. To which similitude of diuinity *Hobbinoll* comparing the excellencie of *Elysa*, and being through the worthinesse of *Colins* song, as it were, ouercome with the hugenesse of his imagination, brusteth out in great admiration, (*O quam te memorem virgo!*) being otherwise vnable, then by sodaine silence, to expresse the worthihesse of his conceipt. Whom *Thenot* aunswereth with another part of the like verse, as confirming by his graum and approuaunce, that *Elysa* is no whit inferiour to the Maiestie of her, of whom the Poet so boldly pronounced, *O dea certe*.

May.

Ægloga Quinta.

Argument.

IN this first Aeglogue, vnder the persons of two shepheardes Piers *and* Palinode, *be represented two formes of pastoures or Ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholique: whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must bee like the other, with whom hauing shewed, that it is daungerous to maintaine any fellowship, or giue too much credit to their colourable and fayned good-will, he telleth him a tale of the Foxe, that by such a counterpoint of craftines deceiued and deuoured the credulous kidde.*

Palinode

Palinode. Piers.

IS not thilke the mery moneth of May,
When loue lads masken in fresh aray?
How falles it then, wee no merrier beene,
Vlke as others, girt in gawdy greene?
Our bloncket liueries bene all to sadde,
For thilke same season, when all is yclad de
With pleasance: the ground with grasse, the Weds
With greene leaues, the bushes with blossming Buds,
Youghthes folke now flocken in euery where,
To gather May-buskets and smelling Bzere:
And home they hasten the posies to dight,
And all the kirke pillours eare day light,
With Hawthorne buds, and swete Eglantine.
And girlonds of Roses and Soppes in wine.
Such merimake holy Saints doth queme,
But wee here sitten as drowonde in a dreme.

PIERS.

For Younkers Palinode such follies fitte,
But wee tway bene men of elder witte.

PALINODE.

Sicker this morowe, no lenger agoe,
I sawe a shole of shepheardes outgoe,
With singing, and shouting, and iolly chere:
Before them yode a lustie Tabrere,
That to the many a Horne pype playde,
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayde.
To see those folkes make such iouysaunce,
Made my heart after the pype to daunce.
Tho to the greene Wood they speeden hem all,
To fetchen home May with their musicall:
And home they bringen in a royall throne,
Crowned as king: and his Quene attone
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fayre flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend.

Of

Of louely Nymphes. (O that I were there.
To helpen the Ladies their Maybush beare)
Ah Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke,
How great sport they gaynen with little swinck.

Piers.

Perdie so farre am I from enuie,
That their fondnesse inly I pitie.
Those faytours little regarden they charge,
While they letting their sheepe runne at large,
Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
In luskihede and wanton meryment.
Thilke same bene shepheardes for the deuills sedde,
That playen, while their flockes be vnfedde.
Well it is seene, their sheepe be not their owne,
That letten them runne at randon alone.
But they bene hyred for little pay
Of other, that caren as little as they,
What fallen the flocke, so they han they fleece,
And get all the gaine, paying but a peece.
I muse, what accompt both these will make,
The one for the hire, which he doth take,
And thother for leauing his Lordes taske,
When gread Pan account of shepheardes should aske.

Palinode.

Sicker now I see thou speakest of spight,
All for thou lackest somdele their delight.
I (as I am) had rather be enuied,
All were it of my foe, then fonly pitied:
And yet if neede were, pitied would be,
Rather, than other should scorne at me:
For pitied is mishap, that nas remedie,
But scorned bene deedes of fond folerie.
What shoulden shepheardes other thinges tend,
Then sith their God his good does them send,
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,
The while they here liuen, at ease and leasure:
For when they bene dead, their good is ygoe,

They sleepen in rest, well as other moe.
Tho with them wends, what they spent in cost,
But what they left behinde them, is lost.
Good is no good, but if it be spend:
God giueth good for none other end.

Piers.

Ah Palinode, thou art a worldes childe:
Who touches Pitch mought neds be defilde.
But shepheards (as Algrind vsed to say,)
Mought not liue ylike, as men of the laye:
With them it sits to care for their heire,
Enaunter their heritage do impaire:
They must prouide for meanes of maintenance,
And to continue their wont countenance.
But shepheard must walke another way,
Sike worldly sauenance he must forelay.
The sonne of his loines why he should regard
To leaue enriched with that he hath spard:
Should not thilke God, that gaue him that good,
Eke cherish his child, if in his waies he stood:
For if he misliue in leudnes and lust,
Little bootes all the wealth and the trust,
That his father left by inheritance:
All will be soone wasted with misgouernance.
But through this, and other their miscreance,
They maken many a wrong chcuisance,
Heaping vp waues of wealth and woe,
The flouds whereof shall them ouerflow.
Sike mens follie I cannot compare
Better, then to the Apes folish care,
That is so enamoured of her young one,
(And yet God wote, such cause hath shee none)
That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,
Shee stoppeth the breath of her youngling.
So often times, when as good is meant,
Euill ensueth of wrong entent.
The time was once, and may againe returne,

(For

(For ought may happen, that hath bene before)
When shepheardes had none inheritaunce,
Ne of land, nor fee in sufferaunce:
But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
(Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
Well ywis was it with shepheardes thoe:
Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgoe,
For Pan himselfe was their inheritaunce,
And little them serued for theyr mayntenaunce.
The shepheardes God so well them guided,
That of nought they were vnprouided,
Butter enough, honny, milke, and whay,
And theyr flockes fleeces them to araye.
But tract of time, and long prosperitie:
That nourse of vice, this of insolencie,
Lulled the shepheardes in such securitie,
That not content with loyall obeysaunce,
Some gan to gape for greedie gouernaunce,
And match themselfe with mightie potentates,
Louers of Lordship and troublers of states:
Tho gan shepheardes swaines to looke aloft,
And leaue to liue hard, and learne to ligge soft:
Tho vnder colour of Shepheardes, somewhile
There crept in Wolues, full of fraud and guile,
That often deuoured their owne sheepe,
And often the shepheardes, that did him keepe.
This was the first sourse of Shepheardes sorow,
That now will be quitt with baile, nor borow.

Palinode.

Three thinges to beare, bene very burdenous,
But the fourth to forbeare, is outragious,
Wemen that of Loues longing once lust,
Hardly forbearen, but haue it they must:
So whan choler is inflamed with rage,
Wanting reuenge, is hard to asswage:
And who can counsell a thirstie soule,
With patience to forbeare the offred bowle?

But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
Most is a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
I weene the geaunt has not such a weight,
That beares on his shoulders the heauens height,
Thou findest fault, where nys to be found.
And buildest strong warke vpon a weake ground:
Thou raylest on right without reason,
And blamest hem much, for small encheason.
How shoulden shepheardes liue, if not so?
What should they pynen in payne and woe?
Nay sayd I thereto, by my deare borrowe,
If I may rest, I will liue in sorrowe,
Sorrowe ne needs be hastened on:
For he will come without calling anone,
While times enduren of tranquillitie,
Vsen we freely our felicitie.
For when approchen the stormie stowres,
We mought wt our shoulders bear of ỹ sharp showres.
And sooth to sayne, nought seemeth like strife,
That shepheardes so liken eche others life,
And layen her faultes the world before,
The while their foes done ech of hem scorne.
Let none mislike of that may not be amended,
So conteck soone by concord mought be ended.

Piers.

Shepheard, I list no accordance make
With shepheard, that does the right way forsake.
And of the twaine, if choise were to me,
Had leuer my foe, then my friend he be.
For what concord han light and darke same?
Or what peace was the Lion with the Lambe?
Such fattors, when they' false heartes bene hidde,
Will doe, as did the Fore by the Kidde.

Palinode.

Now Piers, of fellowship, tell vs that saying:
For the Lad can keep both our flockes from straying.

Piers.

Piers.

THilke same Kidde (as I can well deuise)
Was too very foolish and vnwise,
For on a time in Sommer season,
The Gate her dame, that had good reason.
Yode forth abroad vnto the greene wood,
To browze, or play, or what she thought good.
But for she had a motherly care
Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
She set her youngling before her knee,
That was both fresh and louely to see,
And full of fauour, as Kidde mought be:
His vellet head began to shoote out,
And his wretched hornes gan newly sprout:
The blossomes of lust to bud did beginne,
And spring forth rankly vnder his chinne.
My sonne (quoth she) and with that gan weepe:
For carefull thoughtes in her heart did crepe)
God blesse thee poore Orphane, as he mought me,
And send thee ioy of thy iollitee
Thy father (that worde she spake with payne:
For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine)
Thy father, had he liued this day,
To see the braunche of his body displaye,
How would he haue ioyed at this sweete sight:
But ah false Fortune such ioy did him spight,
And cut of his dayes with vntimely woe,
Betraying him vnto the traynes of his foe.
Now I a wailefull widowe behight,
Of my olde age haue this one delight,
To see thee succeede in thy fathers steade,
And flourish in flowres of lusty head.
For euen so thy father his head vpheld,
And so his hauty hornes did he weld.
Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A thrilling throbbe from her heart did arise,
And interrupted all her other speeche,

With some olde sorowe, that made a new breache:
Seemed she saw in (the younglinges face
The olde lineamentes of his fathers grace,
At last her soleine silence she broke.
And gan his new budded beard to stroke
Kiddie (quoth she) thou kenst the great care,
I haue of thy healthy and thy welfare,
Which many wilde beastes liggen in waite,
For to entrap in thy tender state:
But most the Fore, maister of collusion:
For he was vowed thy last confusion,
For thy my Kiddie be rulde by me,
And neuer giue truste to his trecheree.
And if he chaunce come, when I am abroade,
Sperre the yate fast for feare of fraude,
Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
Open the doore at his request.
So schooled the Gate her wanton sonne,
That aunswered his mother, all should be done.
Tho went the pensiue Damme out of doore,
And chaunst to stomble at the threshold floore:
Her stombling steppe some what her amazed,
(For such, as signes of ill lucke bene dispraised)
Yet forth she yode thereat halfe agast,
And Kidoie the doore sperred after her fast.
It was not long, after she was gone,
But the false Fore came to the doore anone,
Not as a Fore, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poore pedler he did wend,
Bearing a trusse of trifles at his backe,
As bells, and babes, and glasses in his packe.
A Biggen he had got about his braine,
For in his headpeace he felt a sore paine.
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had got the gout.
There at the doore he cast me downe his pack,
And layd him downe, and groned, Alack, Alack.

Ah deare Lord, and sweet Saint Charitee,
That some good body would once pitie mee.
Well heard Kiddie all this sore constraint,
And longd to know the cause of his complaint:
Tho creeping close behinde the Wickets clinck,
Priuily he pæped out through a chinck:
Yet not so priuily, but the Fore him spyed:
For deceitfull meaning is double eyed.
Ah good young maister (then gan he crye)
Jesus blesse that sweete face, I espie,
And keepe your corpse from the carefull stoundes.
That in my carrion carcas abounds.
The Kid pittying his heauinesse,
Asked the cause of his great distresse,
And also who, and whence that he were,
Tho he, that had well ycond his lere,
Thus medled his talke with many a teare,
Sicke, sicke, alas, and little lacke of dead,
But I be relieued by your beastlyhead.
I am a poore Sheepe, albe my colour donne:
For with long trauaile I am brent in the sonne.
And if that my Grandsire me sayd, be true,
Sicker I am very sybbe to you:
So be your goodlyhead doe not disdaine
The base kinred of so simple swaine.
Of mercy and fauour then I you pray.
With your ayde to forestall my neere decay.
Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke:
Wherein while Kiddie vnwares did looke:
He was so enamoured with the newell,
That nought he deemed deare for the Jewell.
Tho opened he the doore, and in came
The false Fore, as he were starke lame.
His tayle he clapt betwixt his legs twayne,
Lest he should be descried by his trayne.
Being within, the Kidde made him good glee,
All for the loue of the glasse he did see,

After his chere the Pedler can chat,
And tell many lesinges of this, and that:
And how he could shew many a fine knack,
Tho shewed his ware, and opened his packe,
All saue a bell, which he had left behinde
In the basket for the Kidde to finde.
Which when the Kidde stouped downe to catch,
Ye popt him in, and his basket did latch,
Ne stayed he once, the doore to make fast,
But ranne away with him in all hast.
Home when the doubtfull Damme had her hide,
She mought see the doore stand open wide.
All agast, lowdly she can to call
Her Kidde: but he nould aunswere at all.
Tho on the floore she saw the merchaundise,
Of which her sonne had sette to deere a prise.
What helpe: her Kidde she knew well is gone:
She weeped and wayled, and made great mone.
Such end had the Kidde, for he nould warned be
Of craft, coloured with simplicitie:
And such end perdie does all him remaine,
That of such falsers friendship bene fayne.

Palinode.

Truely Piers, thou art beside thy wit,
Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit,
Now I pray thee, let me thy tale borowe
For our sir John, to say to morowe.
At the Kerke, when it is holiday:
For well he meanes, but little can say.
But and if Fores bene so craftie, as so,
Much needeth all shepheardes him to know.

Piers.

Of theyr falshood more coulde I recount,
But now the bright Sunne gynneth to dismount:
And for the dewie night now doth nye,
I hold it best for vs, home to hye.

Palinodes.

Palinodes Embleme,

Pas men apistos apistei.

Piers his Embleme,

Tis a' ara pistis apisto.

GLOSSE.

Thilke, this same moneth. It is applied to the season of the moneth, when all men delight themselues with pleasaunce of fieldes, and gardens, and garments.

Bloncket liueries, gray coates. *Yclad*, arrayed, *Y redoundeth*, as before.

In euery where, a straunge, yet proper kinde of speaking.

Baskets, a Diminutiue, i. little bushes of hauthorne. *Kirke*, Church.

Queme, please.

A shole, a multitude, taken of fishe, whereof some going in great companies, are sayde to swimme in a shole.

Yode, went. *Iouyssaunce*, ioye. *Swincke*, labour. *Idly*, entirely.

Faytours, vagabonds.

Great Pan, is Christ, the very God of all shepheardes, which calleth himselfe the great and good shepheard. The name is most rightly (me thinkes) applyed to him, for *Pan* signifieth all, or omnipotent, which is onely the Lord Iesus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of *Eusebius* in his fifth booke *De Preparat. Euange.* who thereof telleth a proper storie to that purpose. Which story is first recorded of *Plutarche*, in his booke of the ceasing of Oracles, and of *Lauatere* translated, in his booke of walking sprights. Who sayth, that about the same time, that our Lorde suffered his most bitter passion, for the redemption of man, certaine passengers sayling from *Italy* to *Cyprus*, and passing by certaine Iles called *Paxa*, heard a voyce calling a'owde *Thamus*, *Thamus*, (now *Thamus* was the name of an Aegyptian, which was Pylote of the ship,) who geuing eare to the crie, was bidden, when hee came to *Palodes*, to tell that the great *Pan* was dead: which hee doubting to doe, yet for that when hee came to *Palodes*, there so dainely was such a calme of winde, that the ship stoode styll in the sea vnmooued, he was forced to crie alowde, that *Pan* was dead: wherewithall there was heard such piteous outeryes and dreadfull shriking, as hath not bene the like. By which *Pan*, hough of some bee vnderstoode the great Satanas, whose kingdome at that time was by Christ conquered, the gates of hell broken vp, and death by death deliuered to eternall death, (for at that time, as hee sayth, all Oracles surceased, and enchaunted spirites, that were wont to delude the people, thenceforth held their peace) and also at the demaund of the Emperour *Tiberius*, who that *Pan* should bee, answere was made him by the wisest and best learned, that it was the sonne of *Mercurie* and *Penelope*, yet I thinke it more properly ment of the death of Christ, the onely and very *Pan*, then suffering for his flocke.

I as I am, seemeth to imitate the common prouerb. *Malim Inuidere mihi omnes quam miserescere.*

Nas, is a syncope, for ne has, or has not: as nould, for would not.

Tho with them, doth imitate the Epitaphe of the ryotous king Sardanapalus, which hee caused to be written on his tombe in Greeke: which verses be thus translated by *Tullie*.

„ *Hac habui quæcunque edi, quæque exturata libido*
„ *Hausit, at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta.*

which may thus bee turned into English.

„ All that I eate did I ioy, and all that I greedily gorged:
„ As for those many goodly matters left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good olde Earle of Deuonshire, which though much more

wisedome bewrayeth, then Sardanapalus, yet hath a smacke of his sensuall delightes and beastlinesse, the rymes be these:

„ Ho, Ho, who lyes here?
„ I the good Erle of Deuonshire,
„ And Maulde my wyfe, that was full deare,
„ Wee lyued together lv. yeare.
„ That wee spent, wee had:
„ That wee gaue, wee haue:
„ That wee left, wee lost.

Algrim, the name of a shepheard. *Men of the Lay*, Lay men.

Enaunter, least that.

Souenaunce, remembraunce. *Miscreaunce*, dispaire or misbeliefe.

Cheuisaunce, sometime of Chaucer vsed for gaine: sometime of other for spoyle, or booty, or enterprise, and sometime for chiefedome.

Pan himselfe, God, according as is sayd in Deuteronomie, that in diuision of the land of *Canaan*, to the tribe of *Leuie*, no portion of heritage should bee allotted, for God himself was their inheritaunce.

Some gan, ment of the pope, and his Antichristian prelates, which vsurp a tyrannicall dominion in the Church, and with Peters counterfait keyes, open a wide gate to all wickednes and insolent gouernment. Nought here spoken, as of purpose to denie fatherly rule and gouernaunce (as some malitiously of late haue done to the great vnrest and hinderaunce of the Church) but to display the pride and disorder of such, as in steede of feeding their sheepe, in deede feede of their sheepe.

Sourse, welspring and originall. *Borrowe*, pledge or suertie.

The Giaunte, is the great Atlas, whom the poets fayne to be a huge Giaunt, that beareth Heauen on his shoulde: being in deede a meruaylous high mountaine in Mauritania, that now is Barbarie, which to mans seeming perceth the cloudes, and seemeth to touche the heauens. Other think, and they not amisse, that this fable was ment of one Atlas king of the same countrey, (who as the Greekes say) did first finde out the hidden courses of the starres, by an excellent imagination, wherefore the poets fayned, that hee sustayned the firmament on his shoulders: Many other coniectures needeles be tolde hereof.

Warke, worke. *Encheason*, cause, occasion.

Deare borow, that is our Sauiour, the common pledge of all mens debts to death.

Wyten, blame. *Nought seemeth*, is vnseemely. *Conteck*, strife, contention.

Her, their, as vseth Chaucer. *Han*, for haue. *Sam*, together.

This tale is much like to that in Aesops fables, but the Catastrophe and end is farre different. By the Kidde may bee vnderstoode the simple sorte of the faithfull and true Christians. By his damme Christ, that hath alreadie with carefull watch-words (as here doth the gote) warned her little ones, to beware of such doubling deceit. By the Foxe, the false and faithlesse Papistes, to whom is no credit to be giuen, nor fellowship to be vsed.

The gate, the Gote: Northernly spoken, to turne O into A. *Yode*, went, aforesayd.

Shee set, A figure called *Fictio*, which vseth to attribute reasonable actions, and speaches to vnreasonable creatures.

The bloosmes of lust, be the young and mossy hayres, which then begin to sprout and shoote forth, when lustfull heate beginneth to kindle.

And with, a very poeticall *Pathos*.

Orphane, a youngling or pupill, that needeth a tutor or gouernour.

That worde, a patheticall parenthesis, to encrease a carefull Hyperbaton.

The braunch, of the fathers body, is the childe.

For euen so, alluded to the saying of Andromache to Ascanius in Virgil.

Sic oculos, sic illemanus, sic ora ferebat.

A thrilling throb, a pearcing sithe. *Liggen*, lye.

Maister of colluſion, i. coloured guile, because the Foxe of all beastes is most wily and craftye.

Sperre the yate, shut the dore.

For

For ſuch, the Gotes ſtomblings is here noted as an euill ſigne. The like to bee marked in all hiſtories: and that not the leaſt of the Lorde Haſtinges in king Richarde the thirde his dayes. For beſide his daungerous dreame (which was a ſhrewd propheſie of his miſhap, that followed) it is ſayd that in the morning riding toward the towre of London, there to ſit vpon matters of counſell, his horſe ſtombled twiſe or thriſe by the way: which of ſome, that riding with him in his company, were priuie to his neere deſteny, was ſecretly marked, and afterward noted for memorie of his great miſhap, that enſewed. For being then as merie, as man might bee, and leaſt doubting any mortall daunger, hee was within two howres after, of the tyraunt put to a ſhamefull death.

As belles, by ſuch trifles are noted, the reliques and ragges of popiſh ſuperſtition, which put no ſmall religion in Belles, and Babies, ſ. Idoles, and glaſſes, ſ. Paxes, and ſuch like trumperies.

Great colde, for they boaſt much of their outwarde patience, and voluntarie ſufferaunce as a worke of merite and holy humbleneſſe.

Sweete S. Charitie, the Catholiques common othe, and onely ſpeache, to haue charity alwaies in their mouth, and ſometime in their outward Actions, but neuer inwardly in fayth & godly zeale.

Glincke, a key hole. Whoſe diminutiue is clicket, vſed of Chaucer for a key.

Stoundes, fittes: aforeſaide. *His lere*, his leſſon. *Medled*, mingled.

Beaſtlihead, a greeting to the perſon of a beaſt. *Sibbe*, of kynne.

Newell, a new thing. *To foreſtall*, to preuent. *Glee*, cheare: aforeſayd.

Deare aprice, his lyfe, which hee loſt for thoſe toyes.

Such ende, is an Epiphonema, or rather the morall of the whole tale, whoſe purpoſe is to warne the proteſtant beware, how hee geueth credite to the vnfaithfull Catholique: whereof wee haue dayly proofes ſufficient, but one moſt famous of all, practiſed of late yeeres by Charles the nynth.

Fayne, gladde or deſirous.

Our ſir Iohn, a Popiſh prieſt, A ſaying fit for the groſeneſſe of a ſhepheard, but ſpoken to taunte vnlearned Prieſtes.

Diſmount, deſcend or ſet. *Nye*, draweth neere.

Emblems.

Both theſe Emblemes make one whole Hexametre. The firſt ſpoken of Palinodie, as in reproche of them, that bee diſtruſtfull, is a peece of Theognis verſe, intending, that who doth moſt miſtruſt is moſt falſe. For ſuch experience in falſehood breedeth miſtruſt in the minde, thinking no leſſe guile to lurke in others, then in himſelfe. But Piers thereto ſtrongly replieth with an other peece of the ſame verſe, ſaying as in his former fable, what fayth then is there in the faythleſſe. For if fayth be the grounde of religion, which faith they dayly falſe, what hold then is there of their religion? And this is all that they ſay.

Ægloga Sexta.

Argument.

THis Aeglogue is whollie vowed to the complayninge of Colins *ill succeſſe in his loue. For being (as is aforeſayde) enamored of a Countrye laſſe* Roſalind. *and hauing (as ſeemeth) founde place in her heart, hee lamenteth to his deare friende* Hobbinoll, *that hee is nowe forſaken vnfaythfully, and in his ſteede* Menalcas *another ſhepheard receiued diſloyallie. And this is the whole Argument of this Aeglogue.*

Hobbinoll

Hobbinoll. Colin Clout.

LO Colin, here the place, whose pleasaunt sight
Frō other shades hath weaned my wandring minde.
Tell mee, what wants mee here, to worke delight?
The simple ayre, the gentle warbling winde,
So calme, so coole, as no where else I finde:
The grassie grounde with daintie Daysies dight,
The Bramble bush, where Byrdes of every kinde
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

COLLIN.

O happie Hobbinoll, I blesse thy state,
That Paradise hast founde, which Adam lost.
Here wander may thy flocke early or late,
Without dread of Wolues to bene ytost:
Thy lowely layes here maist thou freely boste.
But I vnhappie man, whom cruell fate,
And angrie Gods pursue from coste to coste,
Can no where finde, to shrouder my luckelesse pate.

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by mee thou list aduised bee,
Forsake the soyle, that so doth thee bewitch:
Leaue mee those hilles, where harborough nis to see,
Nor holy-bush, nor bzere, nor winding witch.
And to the dales resort, where shepheards ritch,
And fruitfull flocks bene euery where to see.
Here no night Rauen lodge more black then pitch,
Nor elluish ghosts, nor gastly Owles doe flee.

But friendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfoote Nymphes can chase the lingring night,
With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst siluers nyne, which dwell on Pernasse bight,
Doe make them musick, for their more delight:
And Pan himselfe to kisse their christall faces.
Will pype and daunce, when Phœbe shineth bright:
Such pierlesse pleasures haue wee in these places.

COLLIN.

And I, whylſt youth, and courſe of careleſſe yeeres
Did let mée walke without en lincks of loue,
In ſuch delights did ioy amongſt my péeres:
But ryper age ſuch pleaſures doth repꝛoue,
My fanſie eke from foꝛmer follies moue
To ſtayed ſteps foꝛ time in paſſing weares
(As garments doen, which weren olde aboue)
And dꝛawe th newe delights with hoarie heares.

Tho couth I ſing of loue, and tune my pype
Unto my plaintiue pleas in verſes made:
Tho would I ſéeke foꝛ Quéene-apples vnrype,
To giue my Roſalind, and in Sommer ſhade
Dight gaudie Girlonds, was my common trade,
To crowne her golden locks, but yeeres moꝛe rype,
And loſſe of her, whoſe loue as lyfe I wayde,
Thoſe weary wanton toyes away did wype.

HOBBINOLL.

Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes,
Which thou were wont on waſtefull hilles to ſinge,
I moꝛe delight, then larke in Sommer dayes:
Whoſe Eccho made the neighbour groues to ring,
And taught the byꝛdes, which in the lower ſpꝛing
Did ſhꝛoude in ſhady leaues from ſunny rayes,
Frame to thy ſonge their cheerefull cheriping,
Oꝛ holde their peace, foꝛ ſhame of thy ſwéete layes.

I ſawe Calliope with Muſes moe,
Soone as the Oaten pype began to ſounde.
Their yuoꝛy Luites and Tamburins foꝛgoe:
And from the fountaine, where they ſat arounde,
Renne after haſtely thy ſiluer ſounde.
But when they came, where thou thy ſkill didſt ſhowe,
They dꝛewe abacke, as halfe with ſhame confounde,
Shepheard to ſée, them in their arte out-goe.

COL-

COLLIN.

Of Muses Hobbinoll, I conne no skill:
For they bene daughters of the highest Ioue,
And holden scorne of hemely shepheards quill.
For sith I heard, that Pan with Phœbus stroue,
Which him to much rebuke and Daunger droue:
I neuer lift presume to Parnasse hill,
But pyping low in shade of lowlie groue,
I plaie to please my selfe, all bee it ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth praise or blame,
Ne striue to winne renowne, or passe the rest:
With shepheard sittes not, followe flying fame:
But feede his flocke in fieldes, where falls hem best,
I wote my rimes bene rough, and rudely drest:
The fitter they, my carefull case to frame:
Enough is mee to paint out my vnrest,
And poure my piteous plaintes out in the same.

The God of shepheards Tityrus is dead,
Who taught mee homely, as I can, to make.
Hee, whilst hee liued, was the soueraigne head
Of shepheards all, that bene with loue ytake:
Well couth hee waile his woes, and lightly slake
The flames, which loue within his heart had bredde,
And tell vs merry tales, to keepe vs wake,
The while our sheepe about vs safely fedde.

Nowe dead hee is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,
(O why should death on him such outrage showe?)
And all his passing skill with him is fledde,
The fame whereof doth daylie greater growe.
But if on mee some little drops would flowe,
Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,
I soone would learne these woods, to waile my woe,
And teache the trees, their trickling teares to shedde.

Then

Then should my plaintes, cause of discurtesee,
As messengers of my plainefull plight,
Flye to my loue, where euer that shee bee,
And pierce her heart with poynt of worthy wight:
As shee deserues, that wrought so deadly spight.
And thou Menalcas, that by trecheree
Didst vnderfong my lasse, to were so light,
Shouldest well be knowné for such thy villanee.

But since I am not, as I wishe I were,
Yee gentle shepheards, which your flocks doe feede,
Whether on hylles, or dales, or otherwhere,
Beare witnesse all of this so wicked deede:
And tell the lasse, whose flowre is wore a weede,
And faultlesse faith, is turned to faithlesse feere,
That shee the truest shepheards heart made bleede,
That lyues on earth, and loued her most deere.

HOBBINOLL.

O carefull Colin, I lament thy case,
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe.
Ah faithlesse Rosalind, and voyde of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe.
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:
Then rise yee blessed flocks, and home apace,
Least night with stealing steppes doe you forsloe,
And wett your tender Lambs, that by you trace.

Colins Embleme.

Gia speme spenta.

GLOSSE.

Syte, situation and place.

Paradise, A Paradise in Greeke, signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delightes. So he compared the soile, wherein *Hobbinol* made his abode, to that earthly Paradise, in Scripture called *Eden*, wherein *Adam* in his first creation was placed. Which of the moste learned is thought to bee in *Mesopotamia*, the moste fertile and pleasaunt countrie in the world (as may appeare by *Diodorus Syculus* description of it, in the historie of *Alexanders* conquest thereof) lieng betweene the two famous riuers (which are said in Scripture to flowe out of Paradise) *Tygris*, and *Euphrates*, whereof it is so denominate.

Forsake the soyle. This is no poeticall fiction, but vnfeynedly spoken of the poet selfe, who for speciall occasion of priuate affayres (as I haue bene partly of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment, remoued out of the Northpartes came into the South, as Hobbinoll in deede aduised him priuately.

Those hylles, that is in the North country, where he dwelt. *Nis*, is not.

The dales. The South partes, where he now abideth, which though they bee full of hilles and woodes (for kent is verie hillie and woodie, and therefore so called: for *Kantsh* in the Saxons toong signifieth woodie) yet in respect of the Northpartes they be called dales. For indeede the North is counted the higher country.

Night Rauens &c. by such hatefull byrdes, he meaneth all misfortunes (whereof they be tokens) flyeng euery where.

Friendly faeries, the opinion of Faeries and Elfes is verie olde, and yet sticketh very religiously in the mindes of some. But to roote that rancke opinion of Elfes out of mennes heartes, the trueth is, that there be no such thinges, nor yet the shadowes of the thinges, but onely by a sorte of balde Fryers and knauishe shauelinges so faigned, whiche as in all other thinges, so in that, sought to nouzell the common people in ignoraunce, least beeyng once acquainted with the trueth of thinges, they woulde in tyme smell out theyr vntruth of theyr packed pelfe and Masse-penie religion. But the soothe is, that when all Italy was distracte into the Factions of the Guelfes and the Gibelins, beeyng two famous houses in Florence, the name beganne through their great mischiefes and manye outrages, to bee so odious or rather dreadfull in the peoples eares, that if theyr Children at anye tyme were froward and wanton, they woulde saye to them that the Guelfe or the Gibeline came. Whiche woordes nowe from them (as many thinge elfe) bee come into our vsage, and for Guelfes and Gibelines, we say Elfes and Goblins. No otherwise then the Frenchmen vsed to say of that valiaunt captaine, the verie scourge of Fraunce, the Lorde of Thalbot, afterwarde Erle of Shrewsburie, whose nobilitie bred such a terrour in the heartes of the french, that oft times euen great armies were defaicted & put to flight at the onely hearing of hys name. In so muche that the Frenche women, to affraye theyr children, woulde tell them that the talbot commeth.

Many Graces, though there be in deede but three Graces or Charites (as afore is sayde) or at the vtmost but foure, yet in respect of many giftes of bountie, there may bee sayde more. And so Musæus saith, that in Heroes euher eye there sate a hundred graces. And by that authoritie, this same Poet in hys Pageauntes sayth, An hundred Graces on her eyelidde sate. &c.

Heydeguies, A countrey daunce or rounde. The conceipt is, that the Graces & Nymphes doe daunce vnto the Muses, and Pan hys musicke all night by Moonelight. To signifie the pleasauntnesse of the soyle.

Peeres. Equalles and fellowe shepheardes. *Quoncenapples vnripe*, imitating Virgils verse.

Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.

Neighbour groues, a straunge phrase in Englishe, but word for worde expressing the Latine *vicina nemora*.

Spring, not of water, but of young trees springing. *Calliope*, aforesaide.

This staffe is full of verie poeticall inuention. *Tamburines*, an olde kinde of instrument, which of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

Pan with *Phoebus*, the tale is well knowne, how that Pan and Apollo striuing for excellencie in musicke, chose Midas for their iudge. Who beeing corrupted with partiall affection, gaue the victorie to Pan vndeserued: for which Phoebus set a payre of Asses eares vppon his head. &c.

Tityrus, That by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath bene alreadie sufficiently sayde, and by this more plaine appeareth, that he saith, he tolde merrie tales. Suche as be his Canterburie tales, whome he calleth the God of the Poetes for his excellencie, so as Tully calleth Lentulus, *Deum vitæ suæ*. (the God of his life.

To make, to versifie. *O why*, A pretie Epanorthosis or correction.

Desert sir, he meaneth the falsenesse of his louer Rosalind, who forsaking him hadde chosen another.

Poynt of worthy wite, the pricke of deserued blame.

Menalcas, the name of a shepheard in Virgil: but here is meant a person vnknowne and secrete, against whome he often bitterly inuayeth.

Vnderjonge, vnderminde and deceiue by false suggestion.

Embleme.

You remember, that the first Aeglogue, Colins Posie was *Anchora spene*: for that as then there was hope of fauour to be found in time. But now being cleane forlorne and reiected of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguished and turned into despayre, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodnesse to come, whiche is all the meaning of this Embleme.

Ægloga ſeptima.

Argument.

THis Aeglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good ſhepheardes, and to the ſhame and diſpraiſe of proud and ambitious Paſtors. Such as Morrell *is here imagined to be.*

Thomalin. Morrell.

IS not thilke ſame a goteheard prowde,
that ſittes on yonder bancke,
Whoſe ſtraying heard themſelfe doth ſhrowde
emong the buſhes rancke?

Morrell.

What ho, thou iolly ſhepheardes ſwaine,
come vp the hill to me:
Better is, then the lowly plaine,
als for thy flocke, and thee.

Thomalin.

God ſhield, man, that I ſhould clime,
and learne to looke alofte,
This reede is rife, that oftentime
Great clymbers fall vnſoft.

In humble dales is footing fast,
the trode is not so trickle:
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,
yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the sunne hath reared vpp,
his fiericfooted teme,
Making his way betweene the Cupp,
and golden Diademe:
The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
with dogges of noysome breath,
Whose balefull barking bringes in hast,
pyne, plagues, and dreerie death.
Against his cruell scorching heate
where thou hast couerture?
The wastefull hilles vnto his threate
is a plaine ouerture.
But if thee lust, to holden chat
with seely shepheardes swayne,
Come downe, and learne the little what,
that Thomalin can sayne.

Morrell.

Syker, thous but a laesse loord,
and rekes much of thy swinck,
That with fond termes, and wittelesse wordes
to blere mine eyes doest thinke.
In euill houre thou hentst in hond
thus holy hilles to blame,
For sacred vnto saints they stond,
and of them han their name.
S. Michels mount who does not know,
that wardes the Westerne coste?
And of S. Brigets bowre I trow,
all Kent can rightly boast:
And they that con of Muses skill,
sayne most what, that they dwell
(As goteheardes wont) vpon a hill,
hellde a learned well.

And wonned not the great God Pan,
vpon mount Oliuet:
Feeding the blessed flocke of Dan,
which did himselfe beget:

Thomalin.

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,
that bought his flocke so deare,
And them did saue with bloudy sweat
from Wolues, that would them teare.

Morrell.

Beside, as holy-fathers sayne,
there is a holy place,
Where Titan riseth from the mayne,
to renne his dayly race.
Upon whose toppe the starres bene stayed,
and all the skie doth leane.
There is the caue, where Phoebe layed,
the shepheard long to dreame.
Whilome there vsed shepheardes all
to feede theyr flockes at will,
Till by his folly one did fall,
that all the rest did spill.
And sithens shepheardes bene forelaid
from places of delight:
For thy I weene thou be afrayd,
to clime this hilles height.
Of Synah can I tell thee more,
and of our Ladyes bowre:
But little needes to strow my store,
suffice this hill of our.
Here han the holy Faunes recourse,
and Syluanes haunten rathe.
Here has the salt Medway his course,
wherein the Nymphes doe bathe.
The salt Medway, that trickling stremis
adowne the dales of Kent:

Till with his elder brother Themis.
His brackish waues he meynt.
Here growes Melampode euery where,
and Teribinth good for Gotes:
The one, my madding kiddes to smere,
the nert to heale theyr throates.
Hereto, the hilles bene nigher heauen,
and thence the passage ethe.
As well can proue the piercing leuin,
that seldome falles byneath.

Thomalin.

Syker thou speakes like a lewd lorrell,
of Heauen to demen so:
Yow be I am but rude and borrell,
yet nearer waies I knowe.
To Kerke the narre, from God more farre,
has bene an olde said sawe.
And he that striues to touche the starres,
oft stombles at a straw,
Alsoone may shepheard climbe to skie,
that leades in lowly dales,
As Goteherd prowd that sitting hie,
vpon the Mountayne sayles.
My seely sheepe like well belowe,
they neede not Melampode:
For they bene hale enough, I trowe,
and lyken theyr abode.
But if they with thy Gotes should yede,
they soone might be corrupted:
Or like not of the frowie fede,
or with the weedes be glutted.
The hilles, where dwelled holy saints,
I reuerence and adore:
Not for themselfe, but for the saincts,
which han bene dead of yore.
And now they bene to heauen forewent,
their good is with them goe:

Theyr

Their sample onely to vs lent,
that als we mought doe soe.
Shepheardes they weren of the beſt,
and liued in lowly leas:
And sith theyr soules bene now at reſt,
why done we them diſeaſe?
Such one he was, (as I haue heard
old Algrind often sayne)
That whilome was the firſt shepheard,
and liued with little gaine:
And meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
simple, as simple sheepe,
Humble, and like in eche degree
the flocke which he did keepe.
Often he vsed of his keepe
a sacrifice to bring,
Now with a kidd, now with a sheep
the Altars hallowing.
So lowted he vnto his Lord,
such fauour couth he finde,
That neuer sithens was abhord,
the simple shepheardes kinde.
And such I weene the brethren were,
that came from Canaan:
The brethren twelue, that kept yfere
the flockes of mightie Pan.
But nothing such thilke shepheard was,
whome Ida hill did beare,
That left his flocke, to fetche a lasse,
whose loue he bought to deare:
For he was proud, that ill was payd,
(no such mought shepherdes be)
And with lewd luſt was ouerlaid:
tway thinges doen ill agree:
But shepheard mought be meeke and milde,
well eyed, as Argus was,
With fleshly follies vndefiled,

and

and ſtoute as ſteede of braſſe.
Like one (ſayd Algrin) Moſes was,
that ſawe his makers face,
His face more cleare, then chriſtall glaſſe,
and ſpake to him in place.
This had a brother, (his name I knewe)
the firſt of all his cote,
A ſhepheard true, yet not ſo true,
as he that earſt I hote.
Whilome al theſe were low, and liefe,
and loued theyr flockes to feede,
They neuer ſtrouen to be chiefe,
and ſimple was theyr weede.
But now (thanked be God therefore)
the world is well amend,
Theyr weedes bene not ſo nighly worne,
ſuch ſimpleſſe mought them ſhend:
They bene yclad in purple and pall,
ſo hath theyr God them bleſt,
They reigne and rulen ouer all,
and Lord it, as they liſt:
Pygyt with beltes of glitter and gold.
(mought they good ſhepheardes bene)
Their Pan theyr ſheepe to them has ſold,
I ſay as ſome haue ſeene.
For Palinode (if thou him ken)
yode late on Pilgrimage
To Rome, (if ſuch be Rome) and then
he ſawe thilke miſuſage.
For ſhepheardes (ſayd hee) there doen lead,
as Lordes done other where:
Their ſheep han cruſts, and they the bread:
the chippes, and they the cheere:
They han the fleece, and eke the fleſh,
(O ſeely ſheepe the while)
The corne is theyrs, let other threſh,
their handes they may not file.

They

They han great store, and thristie stockes,
great friendes and feeble foes:
What neede hem caren for their stockes:
theyr boyes can looke to those.
These wisards weltre in wealths waues,
pampred in pleasures deepe,
They han fat kernes, and leanye knaues,
their fatting flockes to keepe.
Sike miser men bene all misgone,
they heapen hilles of wrath:
Sike sylie shepheards han we none,
they keepen all the path.

Morrell.

Yere is a great deale of good matter,
lost for lacke of telling,
Now sicker I see thou doest but clatter:
harme may come of melling.
Thou medlest more, than shall haue thank,
to witen shepheards wealth:
When folke bene fat, and riches ranck,
it is a signe of healthy.
But say mee, what is Algrin hee,
that is so oft bynempt.

Thomalin.

Yee is a shepheard great in gree,
but hath bene long ypent.
One day hee sat vpon a hill,
(as now thou wouldest mee:
But I am taught by Algrins ill,
to loue the lowe degree.)
For sitting so with bared scalp,
an Eagle fored hye,
That weening his white head was chalke,
a shell fish downe let flye:
Shee weend the shell fishe to haue broke,
but therewith bruzd his brayne,
So now astonied with the stroke,
hee lyes in lingring payne.

Morrell.

Ah good Algrin, his hap was ill,
but shall be better in time.
Now farewell shepheard, sith this hill
thou hast such doubt to climbe.

Palinodes Embleme.
In medio virtus.

Morrells Embleme;
In summo felicitas.

GLOSSE.

A Goteheard, by Gotes in scripture bee represented the wicked and reprobate, whose pastour also must needes be such.

Banck, is the seate of honor. *Straying heard*, which wander out of the way of truth.

Als, for also. *Climbe*, spoken of Ambition. *Great climbers*, according to Seneca his verse. *Decidunt celsa grauiore lapsu*, *Mickle*, much.

The sunne, A reason, why he refuseth to dwell on Mountaines, because there is no shelter against the scorching sunne, according to the time of the yeare, which is the hotest moneth of all.

The Cup and Diadame, bee two signes in the Firmament, through which the sunne maketh his course in the moneth of Iuly.

Lion, this is Poetically spoken, as if the sunne did hunt a Lion with one Dogge. The meaning whereof is, that in Iuly the sunne is in Leo. At which time the Dogge star, which is called Syrius or Canicula reigneth, with immoderate heate causing Pestilence, drougth and many diseases.

Ouerture, an open place: the word is borrowed of the French, and vsed in good writers.

To holden chatt, to talke and prate.

A loorde, was wont among the olde Britons to signifie a Lord. And therefore the Danes, that long time vsurped their tyrannie here in Britany, were called for more dread then dignity, Lurdanes. i. Lord danes. At which time it is sayd, that the insolencie and pride of that nation was so outragious in this Realme, that if it fortuned a Briton to bee going ouer a bridge, and saw the Dane set foote vpon the same, hee must returne back, till the Dane were cleane ouer, or els abide the price of his displeasure, which was no lesse then present death. But being afterward expelled, the name of Lurdane became so odious vnto the people, whom they had long oppressed, that euen at this day they vse for more reproch, to call the Quartane ague the Feuer Lurdane.

Recks much of thy swinck, countes much of thy paynes. *Weeteleſſe*, not vnderstoode.

S. Micaels mount, is a promontorie in the West part of England.

A hull, Parnassus aforesayd. *Pan*, Christ. *Dan*, one trybe is put for the whole nation *per Synecdochen*.

Where tytan, the sunne. Which story is to bee redde in Diodorus Syc. of the hill Ida, from whence he saith, all night time is to be seene a mighty fire, as if the skie burned, which toward morning beginneth to gather a rounde forme, and thereof riseth the sunne, whom the Poets call Titan.

The shepheard, is Endymion, whom the poets faine to haue bene so beloued of Phœbe. i. the

the Moone, that he was by her kept a sleepe in a caue by the space of xxx. yeares, for to enioy his company.

There, that is in Paradise, where through errour of shepheards vnderstanding, hee sayth, that all shepheards did vse to feede their flockes, till one, (that is) Adam by his folly and disobedience, made all the rest of his Offspring be debarred and shut out from thence.

Synah, a hill in Arabia, where God appeared.

Our Ladyes bowre, a place of pleasure so called.

Fauues, or Syluanes, be of Poets fayned to be Gods of the Woode.

Medway, the name of a Ryuer in Kent, which running by Rochester, meeteth with Thames, whom he calleth his elder brother, both because he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the Sea.

Meynt, mingled. *Melampode and Terebinth*, be hearbes good to cure diseased Gotes, of thone speaketh Mantuan, and of thother Theocritus.

Terminthoue tragoon eikaton acremona.

Nigher heauen, note the shepheards simpleneſſe, which supposeth that from the hylles is nearer way to heauen.

Leuin, Lightning, which he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighnes to heauen, because the lightning doth commonly light on high mountaines, according to the saying of the Poet.

Feriuntque summos fulmina montes.

Lorrell, A losell. *Aborrell*, a playne fellowe. *Narre*, nearer.

Hale, for hole. *Tede*, goe. *Frowye*, mustie or mossie.

Of yore, long agoe. *Forewente*, gone afore.

The first shepheard, was Abell the righteous, who (as Scripture saith) bent his minde to keeping of sheepe, as did his brother Caine to tylling the ground.

His keepe, his charge, or his flocke. *Lowted*, did honor and reuerence.

The brethren, the twelue sonnes of Iacob, which were sheepmaisters, and liued only thereupon.

Whom Ida, Paris, which being the sonne of Priamus king of Troy, for his mother Hecubas dreame, which being with childe of him, dreamed she brought forth a firebrand, that set all the towre of Ilium on fire, was cast forth on the hill Ida, where being fostered of shepheards, hee eke in time became a shepheard, and lastly came to the knowledge of his parentage.

A lasse, Helena the wife of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, was by Venus for the golden Apple to her geuen, then promised to Paris, who thereuppon with a sort of lustie Troyans, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troy, which was the cause of the ten yeares warr in Troy, and the most famous city of all Asia lamentably sacked and defaced.

Argus. was of the poets deuised to bee full of eyes, and therefore to him was committed the keeping of the transformed Cow Io: So called because that in the print of a Cowes foote, there is figured an I in the middest of an O.

Hu name, he meaneth Aaron: whose name for more *Decorum*, the shepheard saith he hath forgot, least his remembrance and skill in antiquities of holy writ shoulde seeme to exceede the meaneneſſe of the person.

Not so true, for Aaron in the absence of Moses started aside, and committed Idolatry.

In purple, Spoken of the Popes and Cardinalles, which vse such tyrannicall colours and pompous painting. *Belts*, Girdles.

Glitterand, glittering a Participle vsed sometime in Chaucer, but altogether in I. Goore.

Their Pan, that is the Pope, whom they count theyr God and greatest shepheard.

Palinode, A shepheard, of whose report hee seemeth to speake all this.

Wisards, great learned heads. *Welter*, wallowe. *Kerne*, a Churle or Farmer.

Sike muster men, such kinde of men. *Suyly*, stately and prowde. *Melling*, medling.

Bette, better. *Bynempte*, named. *Gree*, for degree.

Algrin, the name of a shepheard aforesayd, whose myshap he alludeth to the chaunce, that happened to the Poet *Aeschylus*, that was brayned with a shellfishe.

Embleme.

By this Poesie Thomalin confirmeth that, which in his former speach by sundrie reasons he had prooued, for being both himselfe sequestred from all ambition, and also abhorring it in others of his cote, he taketh occasion to praise the meane and lowly state, as that wherin is safety without feare, and quiet without daunger, according to the saying of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in the middest, being enuironed with two contrarie vices: whereto Morrell replyeth with continuance of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bounty dwelleth in mediocrity, yet perfect felicity dwelleth in supremacie. For they say, and most true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest degree, so as if any thinge bee higher or better, then that streight way ceaseth to be perfect happinesse. Much like to that which once I heard alleaged in defence of humility out of a great doctor, *Suerum Christus humillimus*: which saying a gentle man in the company taking at the rebound, beate backe againe with a like saying of another Doctor, as he saye, *Suerum deus altissimus*.

Ægloga

Ægloga Octaui.

Argument.

IN this Aeglogue is set forth a delectable controuersie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgil fashioned his third and seuenth Aeglogue. They choose for umpere of their strife, Cuddie a neatheards boye, who hauing ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper songe, whereof Colin hee sayth was Author.

Willie, Perigot. Cuddie.

TEll mée Perigot, what shalbe the game,
Wherefore with mine thou dare thy musick matche?
Or bene thy Bagpypes renne farre out of frame?
Or hath the Crampe thy ioynts benomd with ache?

Perigot.

Ah Willie, when the hart is ill assayde,
How can Bagpipe, or ioyntes be well apayde?

Willie.

What the foule euill hath thee so bestad?
Whilom thou was peregall to the best,
And wont to make the iolly shepheards glad
With pyping and dauncing, didst passe the rest.

Perigot.

Ah Willye now I haue learnd a new daunce:
My olde muſick mard by a new miſchaunce.

Willye.

Miſchiefe mought to that miſchaunce befall,
That ſo hath raft vs of our meriment.
But reede me, what paine doth thee ſo apall?
Or loueſt thou, or bene thy younglinges mil went?

Perigot.

Loue hath miſſed both my younglinges, and me:
I pine for payne, and they may paine to ſee.

Willye.

Perdie and wellaway: ill may they thriue:
Neuer knew I louers sheepe in good plight.
But and if in rymes with me thou dare ſtriue,
Such fond fantaſies ſhall ſoone be put to flight.

Perigot.

That ſhall I doe, though mochell worſe I fared:
Neuer ſhall be ſayde that Perigot was dared.

Willye.

Then loe Perigot the Pledge, which I plight:
A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre:
Wherein is enchaſed many a fayre ſight
Of Beres and Tygers, that maken fiers warre:
And ouer them ſpred a goodly wilde Vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Yuie twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Woolues iawes:
But ſee, how faſt renneth the ſhepheard ſwaine,
To ſaue the innocent from the beaſtes pawes:
And here with his sheepehooke hath him ſlayne.
Tell me, ſuch a cup haſt thou euer ſeene?
Well mought it beſeeme any harueſt Queene.

Perigot.

Thereto will I pawne yonder ſpotted Lambe,
Of all my flocke there nis like another:
For I brought him vp without the Dambe,
But Colin Clout raft me of his brother,

That

That he purchast of me in the plaine field:
Sore against my will was I forst to yeeld.

Willye.

Sicker make like account of his brother,
But who shall iudge the wager wonne or lost?

Perigot.

That shall yonder heardgrome, and none other,
Which ouer the pousse hetherward doth post.

Willye.

But for the Sunnbeame so sore doth vs beate,
Were not better, to shunne the scortching heate?

Perigot.

Well agreed Willye: then sit thee downe swayne:
Sike a song neuer heardest thou, but Colin sing.

Cuddie.

Gynne, when ye list, ye iolly shepheardes twayne:
Sike a iudge, as Cuddie, were for a king.

Per. IT fell vpon a holy eue,
Will. hey ho holidaye,
Per. When holy fathers wont to shrieue:
Will. now ginneth this roundelay.
Per. Sitting vpon a hill so hie,
Will. hey ho the high hill,
Per. The while my flocke did feede thereby,
Will. the while the shepheard selfe did spill:
Per. I saw the bouncing Bellibone,
Will. hey ho Bonnibell,
Per. Tripping ouer the dale alone,
Will. she can trip it very well:
Per. Well decked in a frocke of gray,
Will. hey ho gray is greet,
Per. And in a kirtle of greene saye,
Will. the greene is for maydens meete:
Per. A chapelet on her head she wore,
Will. hey ho chapelet,
Per. Of sweete Violets therein was store,
Will. the sweeter then the Violt.

Per. My ſheepe did leaue their wonted foode,
Will. hey ho ſeely ſheepe,
Per. And gazd on her, as they were woode,
Will. Woode as he, that did them keepe.
Per. As the bonilaſſe paſſed bye,
Will. hey ho bonilaſſe,
Per. She rouſde at mee with glauncing eye,
Will. as cleare as the chriſtall glaſſe:
Per. All as the Sunny beame ſo bright,
Will. hey ho the Sunne beame,
Per. Glaunceth from Phœbus face forthright,
Will. ſo loue into my heart did ſtreame:
Per. Or as the thonder cleaues the cloudes,
Will. hey ho the thonder,
Per. Wherein the lightſome leuin ſhroudes,
Will. ſo cleaues thy ſoule aſonder:
Per. Or as Dame Cynthias ſiluer raye
Will. hey ho the Moonelight,
Per. Upon the glyttering waue doth playe,
Will. ſuch play is a pitteous plight.
Per. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
Will. hey ho the glyder,
Per. Therewith my ſoule was ſharply gryde,
Will. ſuch wounds ſoone weren wider.
Per. Haſting to raunch the arrowe out,
Will. hey ho Perigot,
Per. I left the head in my heart roote:
Will. it was a deſperate ſhot.
Per. There it rankleth aye more and more,
Will. hey ho the arrowe,
Per. Ne can I finde ſalue for my ſore:
Will. loue is a careleſſe ſorrowe.
Per. And though my bale with death I bought,
Will. hey ho beaute cheere,
Per. Yet ſhould thilk laſſe not from my thought:
Will. ſo you may buye golde too deere.

Per. But whether in paynefull loue I pyne,
Wil. hey ho pinching payne,
Per. Or thriue in wealth, ye shalbe mine.
Wil. but if thou can her obteine.
Per. And if for graceleſſe griefe I dye,
Wil. hey ho graceleſſe griefe,
Per. Witneſſe, ſhe ſlue me with her eye:
Wil. let thy folly be the prieſe.
Per. And you, that ſawe it, ſimple ſheepe,
Wil. hey ho the fayre flocke,
Per. For prieſe thereof, my death ſhall weepe,
Wil. and mone with many a mocke.
Per. So learnd I loue on a holly eue.
Wil. hey ho holy day,
Per. That euer ſince my heart did greue.
Wil. now endeth our roundlay.

Cuddie.

Sicker ſike a roundle neuer heard I none.
Little lacketh Perigot of the beſt.
And Willye is not greatly ouergone,
So weren his vnder ſonges well addreſt.

Willye.

Heardgroome, I feare me, thou haue a ſquint eye,
Areede vprightly, who has the victorie:

Cuddie.

Fayth of my ſoule, I deeme eche haue gained,
For thy let the Lambe be Willye his owne:
And for Perigot ſo well hath him payned,
To him be the wroughten mazer alone.

Perigot.

Perigot is well pleaſed with the doome:
Ne can Willye wite the witeleſſe heardgroome.

VVillye.

Neuer dempt more right of beautie I weene,
The ſhepheard of Ida, that iudged beauties Queene.

Cuddie.

But tell me ſhepheardes, ſhould it not yſhend
Your roundels freſh, to heare a dolefull verſe

Of Rosalind (who knowes not Rosalind?)
That Colin made, ylke can I you rehearse.

Perigot.

Now say it Cuddie, as thou art a ladde:
With mery thing its good to medle sadde.

Willye.

Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrouned be
In Colins stéede, if thou this song aréede:
For neuer thing on earth so pleaseth me,
As him to heare, or matter of his déede.

Cuddie.

Then listeneth ech vnto my heauie laye,
And tune your pypes as ruthfull, as yée may.

YEe wastefull woodes beare witnesse of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resounde:
Yee carelesse byrds are priuie to my cries,
Which in your songs were woont to make a part:
Thou pleasaunt spring hast luld mée oft a sléepe,
Whose streames my trickling teares did oft augment.
Resort of people doth my griefes augment,
The walled townes doe worke my greater woe:
The forest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow Eccho of my carefull cries,
I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,
Whose wailefull want debars mine eyes from sléepe,
Let stremes of teares supply the place of sléepe:
Let all that swéete is, voyd: and all that may augment
My dole, drawe néere. More méete to waile my woe,
Bene the wilde woods my sorows to resound,
Then bed, nor bowre, both which I fill with cries,
When I them sée so waste, and finde no part
Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In gastfull groue therefore, till my last sleep
Doo close mine eyes: so shall I not augment
With sight of such as chaunge my restlesse woe:
Help me yee banefull byrds, whose shrieking sound
Is signe of dreery death my deadly cries

Most

Most ruthfully to tune. And as my eryes
(Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
You heare all night, when nature craueth sleep,
Increase, so let your yksome yelles augment.
Thus all the nightes in plaintes, the daye in woe
I vowed haue to waste, till safe and sound
She home returne, whose voyces sliuer sound
To cheerefull songes can chaunge my cheereless cries.
Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
That blessed byrd, that spendes her time of sleepe
In songes and plaintiue pleas, the more taugment
The memorie of his mis deede, that bread her woe:
And you that feele no woe, when as the sound
Of these my nightlie cries ye heare apart,
Let breake your sounder sleepe and pitie augment.

Perigot.

O Colin, Colin, the shepheardes ioye,
How I admire ech turning of thy verse:
And Cuddie, freshe Cuddie the liefest boye,
How dolefully his doole thou didst rehearse.

Cuddie.

Then blow your pypes shepheardes, till you be at home:
The night higheth fast, yts time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.
Vincenti gloria victi.

Willyes Embleme.
Vinto non vitto.

Cuddies Embleme.
Felice chi puo.

GLOSSE.

Beſtadde, diſpoſed, ordered. *Peregall*, equall. *Whilome*, once.
Raſte, bereft, depriued. *Miſwent*, gone aſtraye. *Ill may*, according to Virgil.
Infelix o ſemper oui pecus.
A mazer, So alſo doe Theocritus and Virgil feigne pledges of theyr ſtrife.
Enchaſed, engrauen. Such prettie diſcriptions euery where vſeth Theocritus, to bryng in his Idyllia. For which ſpeciall cauſe in deede he by that name termeth his Aeglogues: for Idyllion in Greeke ſignifieth the ſhape or picture of anie thing, whereof his booke is full. And not, as I haue heard ſome fondly gueſſe, that they be called not Idyllia, but Hædilia, of the Gotehearde ſ in them.
Entrailed, wrought betweene.
Harueſt Queene, The maner of countrie folke in harueſt time.
Pouſſe, Peaſe.
It fell vpon, Perigot maketh his ſong in praiſe of his loue, to whome Willye anſwereth euerie vnder verſe. By Perygot who is ment, I cannot vprightly ſay: but if it be, who is ſuppoſed, his loue deſerueth no leſſe prayſe, then he geueth her.
Greete, weeping and complaint. *Chaplet*, a kinde of Garland lyke a crowne.
Lezen, Lightning. *Cynthia*, was ſayd to bee the Moone.
Gryde, perced.
But if, not vnleſſe. *Squint eye*, partiall iudgement. *Eche haue*, ſo ſayth Virgil.
Et vitula tu dignus, & hic &c.
So by enterchaunge of giftes Cuddie pleaſeth both partes.
Deeme, iudgement. *Dempt*, for deemed, iudged.
Wite the witeleſſe, blame the blameleſſe.
The ſhepheard of Ida, was ſayd to be Paris.
Beauties Queene, Venus, to whome Paris adiudged the golden Apple, as the price of his beautie.

Embleme.

The meaning hereof is verie ambiguous: for Perigot by his poeſie claming the conqueſt, and Willye not yeelding, Cuddie the arbiter of theyr cauſe, and Patron of his owne, ſeemeth to challenge it, as his due, ſaying, that, he is happie which can, ſo abruptly ending but hee meaneth eyther him, that can win the beſt, or moderate himſelfe beeyng beſt, and leaue of with the beſt.

Ægloga Nona.

Argument.

HEerein Diggon Dauie is deuiſed to be a Shepheard, that in hope of more gaine, droue his ſheepe into a farre countrey. The abuſes whereof, and looſe liuing of Popiſh prelates, by occaſion of Hobbinols demaund, he diſcourſeth at large.

Hobbinoll. Diggon Dauie.

DIggon Dauie, I bid her God day:
Or Diggon her is, or I miſſay.

Diggon.

Her was her, while it was day light,
But nowe her is a moſt wretched wight.
For day, that was, is wightly paſt,
And now at earſt the dirke night doth haſt.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon areede, who has thee ſo dight?

Neuer

Neuer I wift thee in ſo poore a plight.
Where is the fayre flocke, thou was woont to leade?
Or bene they chaffred or at miſchiefe dead?

Diggon.

Ah for loue of that, is to thee moſt leefe,
Hobbinoll, I pray thee gall not my olde greefe:
Sike queſtion rippeth vp cauſe of new woe,
For one opened mote vnfold many moe.

Hobbinoll.

Nay, but ſorrow cloſe ſhrouded in heart,
I know, to keepe is a burdenous ſmart.
Ech thing imparted is more eath to beare:
When the rayne is fallen, the cloudes waxen cleare.
And now ſithence I ſaw thy head lack,
Thriſe three Moones bene fully ſpent and pack:
Since when thou haſt meaſured much ground,
And wandred weele about the world round,
So as thou can many thinges relate:
But tell me firſt of thy flockes eſtate.

Diggon.

My ſheepe bene walked, (woe is me therefore)
The iolly ſhepheard that was of yore,
Is now nor iolly, nor ſhepheard more.
In forreine coſtes men ſayd, was plentie:
And ſo there is, but all of miſerie.
I dempt there much to haue eeked my ſtore,
But ſuch eeking hath made my heart ſore.
In tho countries, whereas I haue bene,
No beeing for thoſe, that truely mene,
But for ſuch, as of guile maken gaine,
No ſuch country, as there to remaine.
They ſetten to ſale theyr ſhops of ſhame,
And maken a Mart of theyr good name.
The ſhepheardes there robben one another,
And layen baytes to beguile her brother.
Or they will buye his ſheepe out of the cote,
Or they will caruen the ſhepheardes throte.

The shepheardes swayne you cannot well ken,
But it be by his pride, from other men:
They looken bigge as Bulles, that bene bate,
And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,
As Cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranck.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I am so stiffe, and so stanck,
That vneth may I stand any moze:
And now the Westerne winde bloweth soze,
That now is in his chiefe soueraigntee,
Beating the withered leafe from the tree.
Sitte we downe heere vnder the hill:
Tho may we talke, and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the bluttering blast,
Now say on Diggon, what euer thou hast.

Diggon.

Hobbin, ah Hobbin, I curse thee stounde,
That euer I cast to haue lozne this ground.
Wel-away the while I was so fond,
To leaue the good, that I had in hond,
In hope of better, that was vncouth:
So lost the Dogge the flesh in his mouth.
My seely sheepe (as seely sheepe)
That here by there I whilome vse to keepe,
All were they luskie, as thou diddest see,
Bene all sterued with pyne and penuree.
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke paine,
Driuen foz neede to come home againe.

Hobbinoll.

Ah foz, now by thy losse art taught,
That seldome chaunge the better brought.
Content who liues with tryed state,
Neede feare no chaunge of frowning fate:
But who will seeke foz vnknowne gayne,
Oft liues by losse, and leaues with payne.

Diggon.

I wote ne Hobbin how I was bewitcht

With

With vayne desire, and hope to be enricht.
But sicker so it is, as the bright starre
Seemeth aye greater, when it is farre:
I thought the soyle would haue made me rich:
But now I wote, it is nothing sich.
For eyther the shepheardes bene yole and still,
And ledde of theyr sheepe, what way they will:
Or they bene false, and full of couetise,
And casten to cumpasse many wronge empryse:
But the more bene fraight with fraud and spight,
Ne in good nor goodnes taken delight:
But kindle coales of conteck and yre,
Wherewith they set all the world on fire:
Which when they thinken againe to quench
With holy water, they doen hem all drench.
They saye they con to heauen the high way,
But by my soule I dare vndersaye,
They neuer sette foote in that same troade,
But balke the right way, and strayen abroad.
They boast they han the deuill at commaund:
But aske hem therefore, what they han paund.
Marrie that great Pan bought with deare borrow,
To quite it from the blacke bowre of sorrow.
But they han sold thilke same long egoe:
For they woulden draw with hem many moe.
But let hem gange alone a Gods name:
As they han brewed, so let hem beare blame.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I praye thee speake not so dirke,
Such myster saying me seemeth to mirke.

Diggon.

Then plainly to speake of Shepheardes mosse what,
Badde is the best (this english is flat.)
Their ill hauiour garres men missay,
Both of theyr doctrine, and theyr saye.
They saine the world is much war then it wont,
All for her shepheardes bene beastly and blont.

That

Other sayne, but howe truely I note,
All for they holden shame of their cote:
Some sticke not to say, (hote cole on her tongue)
That like mischiefe graseth hem emong,
All for they casten too much of worldes care,
To deck her Dame, and enrich her heyre:
For such encheason, If you goe nye,
Fewe chymneis reeking you shall espye:
The fatte Dre, that woont ligge in the stall,
Is nowe fast stalled in her crumenall.
Thus chatten the people in their steads,
Ylike as a Monster of many heads.
But they that shooten neerest the pricke,
Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick.
For bigge Bulles of Basan brace hem about,
That with their hornes butten the more stoute:
But the leane soules treaden under foote.
And to seeke redresse mought little boote:
For liker bene they to pluck away more,
Then ought of the gotten good to restore.
For they bene like fowle wagmoires ouergrast,
That if thy galage once sticketh fast,
The more to winde it out thou doest swinck,
Thou mought aye deeper and deeper sinck.
Yet better leane of with a little losse,
Then by much wrestling to leese the grosse.

Hobbinoll.

Nowe Diggon, I se thou speakest too plaine:
Better it were, a little to feine,
And cleanely couer, that cannot bee cured.
Such ill, as is forced, mought needes bee endured.
But of sike pastoures howe done the flocks creepe?

Diggon.

Sike as the shepheards, sike bene her sheepe,
For they nill listen to the shepheards voyce,
But if hee call hem at their good choyce,
The wander at will, and stay at pleasure,

And to their foldes yelde at their owne leasure.
But they had be better come at their call:
For many han into mischiefe fall.
And bene of rauenous Wolues yrent,
All for they nould be buxome and bent.

Hobbinoll.

Fie one thee Diggon, and all thy foule leasing:
Well is knowne that sith the Saxon king,
Neuer was Woolfe seene many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendome:
But the fewer Wolues (the soth to saine,)
The more bene the Foxes that here remaine.

Diggon.

Yes, but they gang in more secret wise,
And with sheeps clothing doen hem disguise
They walk not widely as they were wont,
For feare of raungers, and the great hunt:
But priuely prolling too and froe,
Enaunter they mought be inly knowe.

Hobbinoll.

Or prine or pert if any bene,
We han great bandogs wil teare their skin.

Diggon.

In deede thy ball is a bold bigge cur,
And could make a iolly hole in theyr fur.
But not good dogges hem needeth to chace,
But heedy shepheards to discerne their face,
For all their craft is in their countenaunce,
The ben so graue and full of maintenance,
But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe,
Chaunced to Roffin not long ygoe?

Hobbinoll.

Say it out Diggon, what euer it bight,
For not but well mought him betight.
He is so meeke, wise, and merciable,
And with his word his work is conuenable
Colin Clout I weene be his selfe boye,

(Ab)

(Ah for Colin hee whilome my ioye)
Shepheards lich, God mought vs many send,
That doen so carefully theyr flocks tend.

Diggon.

Thilk same shepheard mought I well marke:
Hee has a Dogge to byte or to barke,
Neuer had Shephearde so keene a kur,
That waketh, and if but a leafe stur.
Whilome there wonned a wicked Woolfe,
That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe.
And euer at night woont to repayre
Unto the flocke, when the Welkin shone fayre.
Yclad in clothing of sely sheepe,
When the good olde man vsed to sleepe.
Tho at midnight hee would barke and ball,
(For hee had eft learned a curres call,)
As if a Woolfe were emong the sheepe.
With that the shepheard would breake his sléepe,
And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
To raunge the fieldes with wide open throte.
Tho when as Lowder was far away,
This Woluish sheepe woulde catchen his pray,
A Lambe, or a kid, or a weanell wast:
With that to the wood would hee speede him fast.
Long time he vsed this slippery pranck,
Ere Roffy coulde for his laboure him thanck
At end the shepheard his practise spyed,
(For Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyed)
And when at euen hée came to the flocke,
Fast in theyr foldes hée did them locke,
And tooke out the Woolfe in his counterfecte cote,
And let out the sheepes bloude at his throte.

Hobbinoll.

Marry Diggon, what should him affraye,
To take his owne where euer it laye:
For had his weland bene a little widder,
Hee woulde haue deuoured both hidder and shidder.

Diggon.

Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse,
Too good for him had bene a great deale worse:
For it was a perilous beast aboue all,
And eke had hee cond the shepheards call:
And oft in the night came to the sheepcote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
As if it the olde man selfe had bene.
The dogge his maisters voice did it weene,
Yet halfe in doubt, hee opened the doore,
And ranne out, as hee was wont of yore.
No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,
Fast by the hyde the Wolfe Lowder caught:
And had not Roffy renne to the steuen,
Lowder had be slaine thilke same euen.

Hobbinoll.

God shield man, hee should so ill haue thriue,
All for hée did his deuoyre belriue.
If sike bene Wolues, as thou hast told,
How mought wee Diggon, hem behold.

Diggon.

How, but with heede and watchfulnesse,
Forstallen hem of their wilinesse?
For thy with shepheard sittes not playe,
Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day:
But euer liggen in watch and ward,
From sodaine force their flocks for to gard.

Hobbinoll.

Ah Diggon, thilke same rule were too straight,
All the colde season to watch and waite,
Wée bene of flesh, men as other bée.
Why should we be bound to such miserée?
What euer thing lacketh chaungeable rest,
Mought needes decay, when it is at best.

Diggon.

Ah but Hobbinoll, all this long tale,
Mought easeth the care, that doth mée forhaile.

What

What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
My piteous plight and losse to amend?
Ah good Hobbinoll, mought I thee pray,
Of ayde or counsell in my decaye.

Hobbinoll.

Nowe by my soule Diggon, I lament
The hapelesse mischiefe, that has thee hent,
Netheless thou seest my lowly saile,
That froward fortune doth euer auaile.
But were Hobbinoll, as God mought please,
Diggon should soone finde fauour and ease.
But if to my cotage thou wilt resort,
So as I can, I will thee comfort:
There mayst thou ligge in a betchy bed,
Till fayrer Fortune shewe forth his head.

Diggon.

Ah Hobbinoll, God mought it thee requite,
Diggon on fewe such friendes did euer lite.

Diggons Embleme.

Inopem me copia fecit.

GLOSSE.

The Dialect and phrase of speech in this Dialogue, seemeth somewhat to differ from the common. The cause whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of the partie herein ment, who being very friend to the Author here of, had bene long in forraine countries, and there seene many disorders, which hee here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde her, Bidde good morow. For to bidde, is to praye, where of commeth beades for prayers, and so they say, to bidde his beades. I. to say his prayers.

Wightly, quickly, or sodainly. *Chaffred*, solde *Dead at mischiefe*, an vnusuall speeche, but much vsurped of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer.

Leefe, deare, *Ethe*, easie. *These three Moones*, nine monethes. *Mazed*, for traueiled.

Wae, wee, Northernly. *Eeked*, encreased. *Caruen*, cutte.

Kenne, know. *Cragge*, neck. *State*, stoutly. *Stanck*, weatie or faynte.

At now, hee applyeth it to the time of the yeere, which is in the end of harueſt, which they call the fall of the leafe: at which time the Westerne winde beareth most swaye.

A mocke, Imitating Horace, *Debes ludibrium ventis.*

Lorne, left. *Soote*, sweete. *Vncouth*, vnknowne. *Hereby, there*, here and there.

As the bright, translated out of Mantuan. *Empriſe*, for enterprise, Per Syncopen.

Conteck, strife,

Trode, path. *Marrie that*, that is, their ſoules, which by popiſh Exorciſmes and practiſes they damne to hell.

Blacke, hell. *Gange*, goe. *Miſter*, maner. *Mirke*, obſcure. *Warre*, worſe. *Crumenall*, purſe. *Brace*, compaſſe. *Encheſon*, occaſion. *Ouergraſt*, ouergrowen with graſſe. *Galage*, ſhoe. *The groſſe*, the whole.

Buxome and bent, meeke and obedient.

Saxon king, King Edgare, that raigned here in Britanie in the yeare of our Lord. Which king cauſed all the Wolues, whereof then was ſtore in this country, by a proper policie to be deſtroyed. So as neuer ſince that time, there haue bene Wolues here found, vnleſſe they were brought from other countryes. And therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of vntruth, for ſaying there be Wolues in England.

Nor in Chriſtendome, this ſaying ſeemeth to bee ſtraunge and vnreaſonable: but indeede it was wont to bee an olde prouerbe and common phraſe. The originall whereof was, for that moſt parte of England in the raigne of king Ethelbert was chriſtened, Kent onely excepted, which remayned long after in myſbeliefe and vnchriſtened, So that Kent was counted no parte of Chriſtendome.

Great hunt, Executing of lawes and iuſtice. *Enaunter*, leaſt that.

Inly, inwardly: aforeſayde. *Freuely or pert*, openly ſayth Chaucer.

Roffy, the name of a ſhepheard in Marot his Aeglogue of Robin and the king. Whom he here commendeth for great care and wiſe gouernaunce of his flocke.

Colin Cloute, Nowe I thinke no man doubteth but by Colin is euer ment the Authors ſelfe, whoſe eſpeciall good friend Hobbinoll ſayth hee is, or more rightly Maiſter Gabriel Haruey: of whoſe ſpeciall commendation, aſwell in Poetrie as Rhetoricke and other choyce learning, wee haue lately had a ſufficient tryall in diuerſe his workes, but ſpecially in his *Muſarum Lacrymæ*, and his late *Gratulationum Valdinenſium*, which booke in the progreſſe at Audley in Eſſex, hee dedicated in writing to her Maieſty, afterward preſenting the ſame in print vnto her highneſſe at the worſhipfull Maiſter Capells in Hertfordſhire. Beſide other his ſundry moſt rare and very notable writings, partly vnder vnknowne tytles, and partely vnder counterfayt names, as his tyrannomaſtix, his Ode Natalitia, his Rameidos, and eſpecially that parte of Philomuſus, his diuine Anticoſmopolita, and diuers other of like importance. As alſo by the names of other ſhepheards, hee couereth the perſons of diuers other his familiar friendes and beſt acquaintance.

This tale of Roffy ſeemeth to colour ſome particular Action of his. But what, I certainly know not.

Wonned, haunted. *Welkin*, ſkie: aforeſayd.

A Weanell waſte, a weaned youngling. *Hidder and ſhidder*, hee and ſhee, Male and Female. *Steuen*, noyſe. *Belliue*, quickly. *What euer*, Ouids verſe tranſlated.

Quod caret alterna requie, durabile non eſt.

Forehaile, drawe or diſtreſſe. *Vetche*, of Peaſe ſtrawe.

Embleme.

This is the ſaying of Narciſſus in Ouid. For when the fooliſh boy by beholding his face in the brooke, fell in loue with his owne likeneſſe; and not able to content himſelfe with much looking thereon, hee cryed out, that plenty made him poore, meaning that much gazing had bereft him of ſence. But Diggon vſeth to other purpoſe, as who that by tryall of many waies had founde the worſt, and through great plenty was fallen into great penurye. This Poeſie I knowe, to haue bene much vſed of the Author, and to ſuch like effect, as firſt Narciſſus ſpake it.

Ægloga Decima.

Argument.

IN Cuddie is set out the perfect patern of a Poet, which finding no maintenaunce of his state and studies, complayneth of the contempt of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Speciallie hauing bene in all ages, and euen amongst the most barbarous alwaies of singular accoumpt and honor, & being in deede so worthy and commendable an arte: or rather no arte, but a diuine gift and heauenly instinct not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both: and powred into the witt by a certaine (Kithousiasmos) and celestiall inspiration, as the Author hereof els where at large discourseth in his booke called the English Poet, which booke being lately come to my hands, I minde also by Gods grace vpon further aduisement to publish.

Piers. Cuddie.

CVddie, for shame holde vp thy heauie head,
And let vs cast with what delight to chace:

And

And weary this long lingring Phœbus race.
Whilome thou wont the shepheards laddes to leade,
In rimes, in ridles, and in bydding base:
Nowe they in thée, and thou in slæpe arte deade?

Cuddie.

Piers, I haue pyped erst so long with payne,
That all mine Oten reedes ben rent and worne:
And my poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.
Such pleasaunce makes the Grashopper so poore,
And ligge so layd, when Winter doth her straine.

The dapper ditties, that I wont deuise,
To feede youthes fansie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?
They han the pleasure, I a slender prise.
I beate the bushe, the byrdes to them do flie:
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

Piers.

Cuddie, the praise is better, then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gayne:
O what an honour is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice?
Or pricke them foorth with pleasaunce of thy vaine,
Whereto thou list their trained willes entice.

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,
O how the rurall routes to thee do cleaue?
Seemeth tho doest theyr soule of sense bereaue,
All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame
From Plutoes balefull bowre without leaue:
His mustickes might the hellish hound did tame.

Cuddie.

So praysen babes the Peacocks spotted trayne,
And wondren at bright Argus blazing eye:
But who rewardes him ere the more for thy?
Or feedes him once the fuller by a grayne?

Sike

Sike praise is smoke, that shedeth in the skie,
Sike words bene winde, and wasten soone in vaine.

Piers.

Abandon then the base and vile clowne,
Lift vp thy selfe out of the lowly dust:
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts.
Turne thee to those, that weld the awfull crowne.
To doubted knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
And helmes vnbruzed weren daylie browne.

There may thy Muse display her fluttring wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West:
Whither thou list in fayre Elisa rest,
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Aduaunce the worthy whom shee loueth best,
That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubborne stroke of stronger stounds,
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:
Of loue and lustihead tho maist thou sing,
And carroll lowde, and leade the Fillers rounde,
All were Elisa one of thilk same ring.
So mought our Cuddies name to Heauen sounde.

Cuddie.

In deede the Romish Tityrus, I heare,
Through his Mecœnas left his Daten reede,
Whereon hee earst had taught his flocks to feede,
And laboured lands to yeelde the timely eare,
And eft did sing of warres and deadly dreede,
So as the Heauens did quake his verse to here.

But ah Mecœnas is yclad in claye,
And great Augustus long ygoe is dead:
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in leade,
That matter made for Poets on to playe:
For euer, who in derring doe were deade,
The lofty verse of hem was loued aye.

But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,
And mightie manhood brought a bedde of ease:
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease,
To put in preace among the learned troupe.
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
And sunnebright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poesie,
Yet of the olde stocke gan to shoote againe:
Or it mens follies mote to forst to faine,
And rolle with rest in rymes of rybaudrie.
Or as it sprung, it wither must againe:
Tom piper makes vs better melodie.

Piers.

O pierlesse poesie, where is then thy place?
If nor in Princes pallace thou doest sit:
(And yet is Princes pallace the most fit)
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace.
Then make thee winges of thine aspiring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flie backe to heauen apace.

Cuddie.

Ah Percy it is all to weake and wanne,
So high to sore and make so large a flight:
Her peeced pyneons bene not so in plight,
For Colin fits such famous flight to scanne:
Ye, were he not with loue so ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

Piers.

Ah fon, for loue does teache him climbe so hie,
And lyftes him vp out of the lothsome mire:
Such immortall mirror, as he doth admire,
Would rayse ones minde aboue the starrie skie.
And cause a cay tiue corage to aspire,
For loftie loue doth loathe a lowly eye.

Cuddie.

All otherwise the state of Poet stands,
For lordly loue is such a tyranne fell:
That where he rules, all power he doth expel,

The

The vaunted verse a vacant head demaundes,
Ne wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell,
Unwisely weaues, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who euer casts to compasse waighty prise,
And thinkes to throwe out thondring words of threat.
Let powre in lauish cups and thrifty bittes of meate,
For Bacchus fruite is friend to Phoebus wise.
And when with Wine the braine begins to sweat,
The numbers flow as fast as spring doth rise.

Thou kenst not Percie how the rime should rage,
If my temples were distaind with wine,
And girt in Girlonds of wilde Ivie twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With queint Bellona in her equipage.

But ah my courage cooles ere it be warme.
For thy content vs in this humble shade:
Where no such troublous tydes han vs assayde,
Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.
Piers.
And when my Gates shall han their bellyes layd:
Cuddie shall haue a Kidde to store his farme.

Cuddies Embleme.

Agitante calescimus illo, &c.

GLOSSE.

This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his 16. Idilion, wherein he reproued the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his niggardise toward Poetes, in whome is the power to make men immortall for their good deedes, or shamefull for their naughtie life. And the like also is in Mantuane, the style hereof as also that in Theocritus, is more loftie then the rest, and applyed to the height of Poeticall witte.

Cuddie, I doubt whether by Cuddie be specified the authour selfe, or some other. For in the eight Aeglogue the same person was brought in, singing a Cantion of Colins making, as he sayth. So that some doubt, that the persons be different.

Whilome, sometime. *Oaten reedes*, Auenæ.

Ligge solayde, lye so faint and vnlustie. *Dapper*, pretie.

Frye, is a bold Metaphore, forced from the spawning fishes, for the multitude of young fish be called the frie.

To restraine, This place seemeth to conspire with Plato, who in his first booke de Legibus saith, that the first inuention of Poetrie was of very vertuous intent. For at what time an infinite number of youth vsually came to theyr great solempne feastes called Panegyrica, which they vsed euerie fiue yeare to hold, some learned man being more able then the rest, or speciall giftes of wit and Musicke, would take vpon him to sing fine verses to the people, in praise eyther of vertue or of victorie or of immortalitie or such like. At whose wonderfull gift all men being astonied and as it were rauished with delight, thinking (as it was in deede) that he was inspired from aboue, called him Vatem: which kinde of men afterward framing their verses to lighter musicke (as of Musicke be many kindes, some sadder, some lighter, some martiall, some heroicall: and so diuersly eke affect the mindes of men) founde out lighter matter of Poesie also, some playing with loue, some scorning at mens fashions some powred out in pleasures, and so were called Poets or makers.

Sense bereaue, what the secret working of musicke is in the mindes of men, aswell appeareth hereby, that some of the auntient Philosophers, and those the moste wise, as Plato and Pythagoras held for opinion, that the minde was made of a certaine harmonie and musicall numbers, for the great compassion, and likenesse of affection in thone and the other, as also by that memorable historie of Alexander: to whome, when as Timotheus the great Musitian played the Phrygian melodie, it is said, that he was distraught with suche vnwoonted furie, that streight way rising from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed, as ready to goe to warre (for that musicke is verie warrelike) And immediately when as the Musition chaunged his stroke into the Lydian and. Iolnique harmonie, hee was so furre from warring, that he sate as still, as if he had bene in matters of counsell. Such might is in Musick. Wherefore Plato and Aristotle forbid the Arabian Melodie from children and youth. For that being altogither on the fifth and seuenth tone, it is of great force to mollifie and quenche the kindly courage, which vseth to burne in young brestes. So that it is not incredible whiche the Poet here sayth, that the Musicke can bereaue the soule of sense.

The shepheard that, Orpheus: of whome is saide, that by his excellent skill in musicke and Poetrie, he recouered his wife Eurydice from hell.

Argus eyes, of Argus is before said, that Iuno to him committed her husband Iupiter his Paragon Io, because he had an hundred eyes: but afterward Mercurie with his musick lulling Argus a sleepe, slue him and brought Io away, whose eyes it is sayde that Iuno for his eternall memorie placed in her birde the Pecockes tayle, for those coloured spottes in deede resemble eyes.

Woundlesse armour, vnwounded in warre, do rust through long peace.

Display, A poeticall metaphore, whereof the meaning is, that if the Poet list shewe his skill in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely Aeglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher veine and more Heroicall argument, in the person of our moste gratious soueraigne, whome (as before) he calleth *Elisa*. Or if matter of knighthoode and chiualrie please hym better, that there be many noble and valiaunt men, that are both worthye of hys payne in theyr deserued prayses, and also fauourers of his skill and facultie.

The worthy, he meaneth (as I guesse) the most honourable and renowmed the Earle of Leycester, whome by his cognisaunce (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bewrayeth, beeing not likely, that the names of noble princes bee knowne to country clownes.

Slacke, that is when thou chaungest thy verse from stately course, to matter of more pleasaunce and delight.

The Millers, a kinde of daunce. *Ring*, company of dauncers.

The Romish Tityrus, well known o e Virgill, who by Mæcænas meanes was brought into the fauour of the Emperour Augustus, and by hym mooued to write in loftier kinde, then he erst had done.

Whereon, in these three verses are the three seuerall workes of Virgill intended. For in teaching his flockes to feede, is meant his Aeglogues. In labouring of landes, is his Georgiques. In singing of warres and deadly dread, is his diuine Aeneis figured.

In

In derring doe, In manhoode and chevalrie.

For euer He sheweth the cause, why Poetes were woont to be had in suche honour of noble men, that is, that by them their worthinesse and valor shoulde through their famous Posies be commended to all posterities. Wherefore it is sayde, that Achilles had neuer beene so famous, as hee is, but for Homeres immortall verses, whiche is the onely aduauntage whiche he hadde of Hector. And also that Alexander the great comming to hys tombe in Sigues, with naturall teares blessed him, that euer it was his hap to bee honoured with so excellent a Poetes worke: as so renowmed and ennobled onely by his meanes. Whiche beeing declared in a moste eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch nolesse worthely sette foorth in a sonet.

Giunto Alexandro a la famosa tomba
Del fero Achille sospirando disse
O fortunato che si chiara tromba, Trouasti. &c.

And that suche account hathe beene alwayes made of Poetes, aswell sheweth this that the worthie Scipio in all his warres agaynst Carthage and Numantia hadde euermore in hys companie, and that in a most familiar sorte the good olde Poet Ennius: as also that Alexander destroying Thebes, when he was enformed that the famous Lyrick Poet Pindarus was borne in that Citie, not onely commaunded streightly, that no man should vppon payne of deathe doe anye violence to that house or otherwise: but also speciallye spared moste, and some highely rewarded, that were of his kinne. So fauoured hee the onely name of a poet, which praise otherwise was in the same man no lesse famous, then when he came to ransacking of king Darius coffers, whome he lately had ouerthrowne, hee founde in a little coffer of siluer the two bookes of Homers workes, as layde vp there for speciall iewelles and richesse, whiche he taking thence, put one of them dayly in hys bosome, and the other euery night layde vnder hys pillowe. Suche honour haue Poetes alwayes found in the sight of Princes and noble menne, whiche this authour here very well sheweth, as elsewhere more notably.

But after, hee sheweth the cause of contempt of Poetrie to bee idlenesse and baseneesse of mynde.

Pent, shut vp in slouthe, as in a coope or cage.

Tom pyper, An Ironicall Sarcasmus, spoken in derision of these rude wittes, whiche make more account of a ryming rybaud, then of skill grounded vppon learnyng and iudgement.

Ne breste, the meaner sorte of men. *Her peeced pinions*, vnperfect skill: Spoken with humble modestie.

As soote as Swanne, the comparison seemeth to bee straunge: for the swanne hathe euer wonne small commendation for her sweete singing: but it is sayde of the learned, that the swanne a little before her deathe, singeth moste pleasauntly, as prophecying by a secret instinct her neere destinie. As well sayth the Poet elsewhere in one of hys sonets.

The siluer swanne doth sing before her dying day
As she that feeles the deepe delight that is in death, &c.

Immortall mirrour, Beautie, whiche is an excellent obiecte of Poeticall spirites, as appeareth by the worthy Petrarchs saying.

Fiorir faceua il mio debile ingegno
A la sua ombra, & cresceo ne gli affanni.

A caytiue corage, a base and abiect minde.

For lostue loue, I thinke this playing with the letter to be rather a fault then a figure, aswell in our English toong, as it hath bene alwaies in the latine, called *Cacozelon*.

A vacant, imitateth Mantuanes saying, *Vacuum curis diuina cerebrum Poscit.*

Lauish cups, Resembleth the common verse *Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum.*

O if my, He seemeth here to be rauished with a Poeticall furie. For (if one rightly mark) the numbers rise so full, and the verse groweth so bigge, that it seemeth he hath forgotte the meanenesse of shepheardes state and stile.

Wild yuie, for it is dedicated to Bacchus and therefore it is said that the Mænades (that is

Bacchus frantick priest,) vsed in their sacrifice to carrie Thyrsos, which were pointed staues or launces, wrapped about with yuie.

In buskin, it was the manner of Poets and players in Tragedies to weare buskins, as also in Comedies to vse sockes and lyght shoes. So that the buskin in Poetry is vsed for tragicall matter, as is sayd in Virgill, *Sola Sophocles tua carmina digna cothurno.* And the like in Horace, *Magnum loqui, nitique cothurno.*

Queint, strange. Bellona, the god desse of battaile, that is Pallas, which may therfore wel be called queint, for that (as Lucian saith) when Iupiter her father was in trauaile of her, he caused his sonne Vulcan with his axe to hewe his head. Out of which leaped forth lustely a valiant damsell armed at all pointes, whom Vulcan seeing so faire and comely, lightly leaping to her, proferred her some curtesie, which the Lady disdayning, shaked her speare at him, and threatned his saucinesse. Therefore such straungenesse is well applied to her.

Aequipage, order. *Tydes*, seasons.

Charme, temper and order. For Charmes were wont to bee made by verses, as Ouid saith *Aut fi carminibus.*

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, as also in the whole course of this Aeglogue, that Poetry is a diuine instinct and vnnaturall rage passing the reach of common reason. Whom Piers answereth Epiphonematicos as admiring the excellencie of the skill, whereof in Cuddy hee had alreadye had a taste.

Ægloga vndecima.

Argument.

IN this xi. Aeglogue he bewayleth the deathe of some mayden of great bloud whome he calleth Dido. The personage is secret, and to me altogether vnknowne, albeit of himselfe I often required the same. This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made vppon the deathe of Loyes the frenche Queene. But farre passing his reache, and in mine opinion all other the Aeglogues of this booke.

Thenot. Colin.

COlin my deare, when shall it please thee sing.
As thou were wont longes of some louisaunce?
Thy Muse too long slombreth in sorrowing,
Lulled a sleepe through loues misgouernaunce.

Now somewhat sing, whose endlesse souenaunce,
Emong the shepheards swaines may aye remaine,
Whether thee list thy loued lasse aduaunce,
Or honor Pan with himnes of higher vaine.

Colin.

Thenot, now nis the time of merimake.
Nor Pan to herie, nor with loue to play:
Sike myrth in May is meetest for to make,
Or sommer shade vnder the cocked hay.
But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,
And Phœbus wearie of his yearely task:
Ystabled hath his steedes in lowly lay,
And taken vp his ynne in Fishes hask.
Thilk sollein season sadder plight doth ask:
And loatheth sike delights, as thou doest prayse:
The mornefull Muse in myrth now list ne mask,
As shee was wont in youngth and sommer dayes.
But if thou algate lust light virelayes,
And looser songs of loue to vnderfong
Who but thy selfe deserues sike Poets praise?
Relieue thy Oaten pypes, that sleepen long.

Thenot.

The Nightingale is souereigne of song,
Before him sits the Titmouse silent bee:
And I vnfit to thrust in skilfull throng,
Should Colin make iudge of my fooleree.
Nay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,
And han be watered at the Muses well:
The kindely dewe drops from the higher tree,
And wets the litle plants that lowly dwell.
But if sadde winters wrath and season chill,
Accord not with thy Muses meriment:
To sadder times thou maist attune thy quill,
And sing of sorrowe and deathes dreriment.
For deade is Dido, deade alas and drent,
Dido the great shepheard his daughter sheene:

The

The fayrest May shee was that euer went,
Her like shee has not left behinde I weene.
And if thou wilt bewayle my wofull teene:
I shall thee giue yond Collet for thy payne:
And if thy rymes as rounde and ruefull beene,
As those that did thy Rosalind complayne,
Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gayne,
Then Kid or Collet, which I thee bynempt:
Then vp I say, thou iolly shepheard swayne,
Let not my small demaunde be so contempt.

Colin.

Thenot to that I chose, thou doest me tempt,
But ah too well I wote my humble vayne,
And howe my rimes bene rugged and vnkempt:
Yet as I conne, my conning I will strayne.

VP then Melpomene the mournefullest Muse of nine,
Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afore:
Vp grisly ghostes, and vp my rufull rime,
Matter of myrth now shalt thou haue no more.
For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of yore.
Dido my deare alas is dead,
Dead, and lyeth wrapt in lead:
O heauie herse,
Let streaming teares be powred out in store:
O carefull verse.

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abyde,
Waile yee this woefull waste of natures warke:
Waile wee the wight, whose presence was our pryde:
Waile wee the wight, whose absence is our carke.
The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke:
The earth now lacks her wonted light,
And all wee dwell in deadly night.
O heauie herse.
Breake we our pipes, that shrild as lowde as Larke,
O carefull verse.

Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)
Whose better dayes death hath shut vp in woe?
The fayrest flowre our girlond all emong,
Is faded quite and into dust ygoe.
Sing now yee shepheards daughters, sing no moe
The songs that Colin made in her praise.
But into weeping turne your wanton layes,
O heauie herse,
Nowe is time to die. May time was long ygoe,
O carefull verse.

Whence is it, that the flowret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buried long in Winters bale:
Yet soone as spring his mantle doth displaye,
It flowreth fresh, as it should neuer fayle?
But thing on earth that is of most auaile,
As vertues braunch and beauties bud,
Reliueuen not for any good.
O heauie herse,
The branch once dead, the bud eke needes must quaile,
O carefull verse.

She while she was, (that was, a wofull word to saine)
For beauties praise and pleasaunce had no peere:
So well shee couth the shepheards entertaine,
With cakes and cracknells, and such countrey cheere.
Ne would she scorne the simple shepheards swaine,
For she would call often heme
And giue him Curds and clouted Creame.
O heauie herse,
Als Colin Clout she would not once disdaine.
O carefull verse.

But now sike happy chere is turnde to heauy chaunce,
Such pleasaunce now displaft by dolors dint:
All Muſick sleepes, where death doth leade the daunce,
And shepheards wonted solace is extinct.
The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct,

The

The gaudy girlonds deck her graue,
The faded flowres her Corse embraue.
O heauie herse,
Worne now my muse, now worne with teares besprint.
O carefull verse.

O thou great shepheard Lobbin, how great is thy griefe,
Where bene the noselgayes that shee wight for thée:
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
The knotted rushringes, and gilte Rosemarée?
For shee deemed nothing too deere for thée.
Ah, they bene all yclad in clay,
One bitter blast blewe all away.
O heauie herse,
Thereof nought remaynes but the memorée.
O carefull verse.

Aye mee that dreerie death should strike so mortall stroke,
That can vndoe Dame natures kindely course:
The faded lockes fall from the loftie Oke.
The flouds doe gaspe, for dryed is theyr sourse,
And flouds of teares flowe in theyr steede perforce.
The mantled medowes mourne,
Theyr sundrie colours tourne.
O heauie herse,
The heauens doe melt in teares without remorse.
O carefull verse.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,
And hang their heades, as they would learne to weepe:
The beastes in forrest wayle as they were woode,
Except the Wolues, that chase the wandring sheepe:
Now shee is gon that safely did hem keepe,
The Turtle on the bared braunch,
Laments the wounde, that death did launch.
O heauie herse.
And Philomele her song with teares doth steepe:
O carefull verse.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,
And for her girlond Olive braunches beare,
Nowe balefull boughes of Cypres doen aduaunce:
The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
Nowe bringen bitter Elder braunches seare,
The fatall sisters eke repent,
Yer vitall threde so soone was spent.
O heauie herse,
Morne nowe my Muse, now morne with heauy cheare.
O carefull verse.

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
Of mortall men, that swincke and sweate for nought,
And shooting wide, doth misse the marked scope:
Nowe haue I learnde (a lesson deerely bought)
That nis on earth assuraunce to be sought:
For what might bee in earthly mould,
That did her buried body hould.
O heauie herse,
Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought
O carefull verse.

But maugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight,
And gates of hell, and fyrie furies force:
Shee hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Yer soule vnbodied of the burdenous corpse.
Why then wepes Lobbin so without remorse?
O Lobb, thy losse no longer lament,
Dido nis dead, but into heauen hent.
O happie herse,
Cease now my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes sourse,
O ioyfull verse.

Why waile wee then? why wearie wee the Gods with plaintes,
As if some euill were to her betight?
Shee raignes a goddesse now emong the saintes,
That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light:
And is enstalled nowe in heauens hight.

I see thee blessed soule, I see,
Walk in Elisian fieldes so free.
O happie herse,
Might I once come to thee (O that I might)
O ioyfull verse.

Vnwise and wretched men to weete whats good or ill,
Wee deeme of Death as doome of ill desert:
But knewe wee fooles, what it vs bringes vntill
Dye would wee daylie, once it to expert.
No daunger there the shepheard can assert:
Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene,
The fieldes aye fresh, the graile aye greene:
O happie herse,
Make haste yee shepheards, thether to reuert,
O ioyfull verse.

Dido is gone afore (whose turne shall be the next?)
There liues she with the blessed Gods in blisse:
There drinckes she Nectar with Ambrosia mixt,
And ioyes onioyes, that mortall men doe misse,
The honor now of highest Gods she is,
That whilome was poore shepheards pride:
While here on earth she did abide.
O happie herse,
Ceasse now my song, my woe now wasted is.
O ioyfull verse.

Thenot.

Aye franck shepheard, how bene thy verses meint
With dolefull pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte,
Whether reioyce or weepe for great constraint?
Thine be the Collette, well hast thou it gotte.
Vp Colin vp, ynough thou morned hast,
Now ginnes to mizzle, hye we homeward fast.

Colins Embleme.

La mort ny mord.

GLOSSE.

Iouysaunce, myrth. *Soumaunce*, remembrance. *Herie*, honour.

Welked, shortned or empayred. As the Moone being in the waine is sayd of Lidgate to welk.

In lowly lay, according to the season of the moneth Nouember, when the sunne draweth low in the South toward his tropick or returne.

In fishes haske, the sunne raygneth, that is, in the signe Pisces all Nouember, a haske is a wicker ped, wherein they vse to cary fish.

Virelayes, a light kinde of song.

Bee watred, for it is a saying of Poets, that they haue drunk of the Muses Well Castalias, whereof was before sufficiently sayd.

Dreriment, dreery and heauy cheere.

The great Shepheard, is some man of hie degree, and not as some vaynely suppose God Pan. The Person both of the shepheard and of Dido is vnknowne and closely buried in the Authours conceipt. But out of doubt I am, that is not Rosalind, as some imagine: for he speaketh soone after of her also.

Sheue, fayre and shining. *My*, for mayde, *Teene*, sorrow.

Guerdon, reward. *Bynempt*, bequeathed.

Cosset, a lambe brought vp without the dam. *Vnkempt*, Incompti, Not comed, that is rude and vnhansome.

Melpomene, The sadde and wailefull Muse vsed of Poetes in honour of Tragedies: as saith Virgil *Melpomene tragico proclamat mœsta boatu.*

Vp griesly ghosts, The maner of tragicall Poetes, to call for helpe of Furies and dampned ghostes: so is Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the rest of the rest.

Herse, is the solempne obsequie in funeralles.

Wast of, decay of so beautifull a peece. *Carke*, care.

Ah why, an elegant Epanorthosis, as also soone after. Nay time was long agoe.

Flouret, a diminutiue for a little floure. This is a notable and sententious comparison *A minore ad maius.*

Reliuen not, liue not againe. I. not in their earthly bodyes: for in heauen they enioy theyr due reward.

The braunch, hee meaneth Dido, who being as it were the maine braunch now withered, the buddes that is beautie (as hee sayd afore) can no more flourish.

With cakes, fit for shepheards bankets. *Heame*, for home, after the Northern pronouncing.

Tinct, dyed or stayned.

The gaudie, the meaning is, that the things, which were the ornamentes of her lyfe are made the honor of her funerall, as is vsed in burialls.

Lobbin, the name of a shepheard, which seemeth to haue bene the louer and deere friend of Dido. *Rushrings*, agreeable for such base gifts.

Faded lockes, dryed leaues. As if Nature her selfe bewayled the death of the Mayde.

Sourse, spring. *Mantled Medowes*, for the sundry flowres are like a Mantle or Couerlet wrought with many colours.

Philomele, the Nightingale. Whom the Poets faine once to haue bene a Ladie of great beautie, till being rauished by her sisters husband, she desired to be turned into a byrd of her name: whose complaints be very well set forth of Ma. George Gascoin a wittie gentleman, and the very chiefe of our late rimers, who and if some parts of learning wanted not (albee it is well knowne hee altogether wanted not learning) no doubt would haue attained to the excellencie of those famous Poets. For gifts of wit and naturall promptnes appeare in him abouudantly.

Cypresse, vsed of the olde Paynims in the furnishing of their funerall Pompe, and properly the signe of all sorrow and heauinesse.

The

The fatall sisters, Clotho Lachesis and Atropos, daughters of Herebus and the Night, whom the Poets faine to spin the life of man, as it were a long thred, which they draw out in length, till his fatall howre and timely death be come, but if by other casualtie his dayes be abridged, then one of them, that is Atropos, is sayd to haue cut the thred in twaine. Hereof commeth a common verse.

Clotho colum baiulat, Lachesis trahit, Atropos occat.

O trustlesse, a gallant exclamation moralized with great wisedome and passionate with great affection.

Beare, a frame, whereon they vse to lay the dead corse.

Furies, of Poets bee fayned to bee three, Persephone, Alecto and Megera, which are said to be the Authors of all euill and mischiefe.

Eternall night, is death or darknesse of hell. *Betight*, happened.

I see, A liuely Icon, or representation as if hee sawe her in heauen present.

Elysian fieldes, be deuised of Poets to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, where the happie soules doe rest in peace and eternall happinesse.

Dye would, the very expresse saying of Plato in Phædone.

Astart, befall vnwares.

Nectar and Ambrosia, bee fayned to bee the drinke and foode of the Gods: Ambrosia they liken to Manna in scripture, and Nectar to be white like creme, whereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stayned the heauens, as yet appeareth. But I haue already discoursed that at large in my Commentarie vpon the dreames of the same Author.

Meynt, Mingled.

Emblema.

Which is as much to say, as death byteth not. For although by course of nature wee bee borne to dye, and being ripened with age, as with a timely harueſt, wee must bee gathered in time, or els of our selues wee fall like rotted rype fruite fro the tree: yet death is not to bee counted for euill, nor (as the Poet sayd a little before, as doome of ill desert.) For though the trespasse of the first man brought death into the world, as the guerdon of sinne, yet being ouercome by the death of one that died for all, it is now made (as Chaucer sayth) the greene path way of lyfe. So that it agreeth well with that was sayd, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.

Ægloga

Ægloga duodecima.

Argument.

THis Aeglogue (euen as the first began) is ended with a complaint of Colin to God Pan, wherein as weary of his former waies, hee proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare, comparing his youth to the spring time, when hee was fresh and free from loues follie. His manhoode to the sommer, which hee saith, was cõsumed with great heate and excessiue drouth caused through a Comet or blasing starre, by which hee meaneth loue, which passion is commonly compared to such flames & immoderate heate. His riper yeres he resembleth to an vnseasonable harueſt wherein the fruites fall ere they be rype. His latter age to winters chill & frosty season now drawing neere to his last ende.

THe gentle Shepheard sat beside a springe,
All in the shadowe of a bushye Breere,
That Colin hight, which well could pype and singe,
For hee of Tityrus his songes did lere.
There as hee satte in secret shade alone,
Thus gan hee make of loue his piteous mone.

O soueraigne Pan thou God of shepheardes all,
Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe:
And when our flockes into mischaunce mought fall,
Doest saue from mischiefe the vnwarie sheepe:
Als of their maisters hast no lesse regard,
Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch & ward:

I thee beseeche (so be thou deigne to heare,
Rude ditties tunde to shepheardes Oaten reede,
Or if I euer sonet song so cleare,
As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede)
Harken a while from thy greene cabinet,
The laurell song of carefull Colinet.

Whilome in youth, when flowred my ioyfull spring,
Like swallow swift I wandred here and there:
For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,
That I of doubted daunger had no feare.
I went the wastefull woodes and forrest wide,
Withouten dread of Wolues to bene espied.

I wont to raunge amidde the mazie thicket,
And gather nuttes to make me Christmas game:
And ioyed oft to chace the trembling Pricket,
Or hunt the hartlesse hare, till she were tame.
What reaked I of wintrie ages waste.
Tho deemed I my spring would euer last.

How often haue I scaled the craggie Oke,
All to dislodge the Rauen of her nest:
How haue I wearied with many a stroke,
The stately Walnut tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for nuttes at strife:
For ylike to me, was libertie and life.

And for I was in thilke same looser yeeres,
(Whether the Muse, so wrought me from my byrth,
Or I to much beleeued my shepheard peeres)
Somedele ybent to song and musickes mirth:

A good old shepheard, Wrenock was his name,
Made me by art to more cunning in the same.

Fro thence I durst in derring to compare
With shepheardes swayne, what euer fed in field:
And if that Hobbinoll right iudgement bare,
To Pan his owne selfe pype I nede not yield.
For if the flocking Nymphes did follow Pan,
The wiser Muses after Colin ranne.

But ah such pride at length was ill repayde,
The shepheardes God (perdie God was he none)
My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill vpbraide,
My fredome lorne, my life he left to mone.
Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate,
But better mought they haue behote him Hate.

Tho gan my louely spring bid me farewell,
And sommer season sped him to display
(For loue then in the Lyons house did dwell)
The raging fire, that kindled at his ray.
A comet stird vp that vnkindly heate,
That reigned (as men said) in Venus seate.

Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,
Whilom choise I had to choose my wandring waye:
But whether luck and loues vnbridled lore
Would lead me forth on Fancies bitte to play.
The bush my bed, the bramble was my bowre,
The Woodes can witnesse many a wofull stowre.

Where I was wont to seeke the honie Bee,
Working her formall rowmes in Waxen frame:
The grisslie Todestoole growne there mought I see,
And loathed Paddockes lording on the same.
And where the chaunting birds lulo me a sleepe,
The ghastly Owle her grieuous ynne doth keepe.

Then

Then as the spring giues place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pride:
All so my age now passed youthly prime,
To thinges of riper reason selfe applied.
And learnd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
Such as might saue my sheepe and me fro shame.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
And Baskets of bulrushes was my wont:
Who to entrap the fish in winding sale
Was better scene, or hurtfull beastes to hont?
I learned als the signs of heauen to ken,
How Phoebe failes, where Venus sits and when.

And tryed time yet taught me greater thinges,
The sodain rising of the raging seas:
The soothe of byrdes by beating of theyr winges,
The powre of herbes, both which can hurt and ease:
And which be wont tenrage the restlesse sheepe,
And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

But ah vnwise and witlesse Colin Cloute,
That kydst the hidden kindes of many a weede:
Yet kydst not one to cure thy sore heart roote,
Whose ranckling wound as yet does rifely bleede.
Why liuest thou still, and yet hast thy deathes wound?
Why dyest thou still, and yet aliue art found?

Thus is my sommer worne away and wasted,
Thus is my harueste hastened all to rathe:
The eare that budded fayre, is burnt and blasted,
And all my hoped gaine is turned to scathe.
Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,
Was nought but brakes and brambles to be mowne.

My boughes and blossmes that crowned were at first,
And promised of timely fruite such store,
Are left both bare and barrein now at erst:
The flattering fruite is fallen to ground before.

And rotted, ere they were halfe mellow ripe:
My harueſt waſt, my hope away did wipe.

The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long,
Their rootes bene dryed vp for lack of dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they han be euer among.
Ah who has wrought my Roſalind this ſpight
To ſpill the flowres, that ſhould her girlond dight?

And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype,
Vnto the ſhifting of the ſhepheardes foote:
Sike follies now haue gathered as too ripe,
And caſt hem out, as rotten and vnſoote.
The loſer Laſſe I caſt to pleaſe no more,
One if I pleaſe, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my harueſt hope I haue
Nought reaped but a weedie crop of care:
Which, when I thought haue threſht in ſwelling ſheaue
Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley bare.
Soone as the chaffe ſhould in the fan be fynd,
All was blowne away of the wauering wynd.

So now my yeere drawes to his latter terme,
My ſpring is ſpent, my ſommer burnt vp quite:
My harueſt haſtes to ſtirre vp winter ſterne,
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage his right.
So now he ſtormes with many a ſturdy ſtoure,
So now his bluſtring blaſt eche coaſt doth ſcoure.

The carefull cold hath nipt my rugged rynd,
And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:
My head beſprent with hoarie froſt I finde,
And by myne eye the crowe his clawe doth wright.
Delight is layd abedde, and pleaſure paſt,
No ſunne now ſhines, clouds han all ouercaſt.

Now leaue ye ſhepheardes boyes your merry glee,
My muſe is hoarſe and wearie of this ſtound:

Vere

Here will I hang my pype vpon this tree,
Was neuer pype of reede did better sound.
Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blast,
And after Winter dreerie death does hast.

Gather ye together my little flocke,
My little flocke, that was to me so liefe:
Let me, ah lette me in your foldes ye lock,
Ere the breme Winter breede you greater griefe.
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,
And after Winter commeth timely death.

Adieu delightes, that lulled me a sleepe,
Adieu my deare, whose loue I bought so deare:
Adieu my little Lambes and loued sheepe,
Adieu ye Woodes that oft my witnesse were:
Adieu good Hobbinoll, that was so true,
Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu.

Colins Embleme.

GLOSSE.

Tityrus, Chaucer as hath bene oft sayd. *Lamkins*, young lambes.
Als of their, seemeth to expresse Virgils verse.
Pan curat oues oues{que} magistros.
Deigne, vouchsafe. *Cabinet*, *Colinet*, diminutiues.
Maze, For they be like to a maze whence it is hard to get out againe.
Peeres, Fellows and companions.
Musick, that is Poetrie as Terence sayth. *Qui artem tractant musicam*, speaking of Poetes.
Derring doe aforesayd.
Lions house, He imagineth simply that Cupid, which is loue, hadde his abode in the hote signe Leo, whiche is in middest of sommer, a prettie allegorie, whereof the meanyng is, that loue in him wrought an extraordinarie heate of lust.
His ray, which is Cupides beame or flames of loue.
A Comet, a blasing starre, meant of beautie, which was the cause of his hote loue.
Venus, the goddesse of beautie or pleasure. Also a signe in heauen, as it is here taken. So he meaneth that beautie, whiche hath alwayes aspecte to Venus, was the cause of all hys vnquietnesse in loue.
Where I was, a fine description of the chaunge of his life and liking, for all thinges nowe seemed to him to haue altered their kindly course.
Lording, Spoken after the maner of Paddockes and Progges sitting whiche is indeede Lordly, not remouing nor looking once aside, vnlesse they be spurred.
Then as, The second part, that is his manhoode.

Cotes, Shepecotes, for such be the exercises of shepheardes.

Sale, or Salow a kinde of woodde like Willowe, fit to wreathe and binde in heapes to catch fish withall.

Phoebe fayles, The Eclipse of the Moone, whiche is alwayes in Cauda or Capite Draconis, signes in heauen.

Venus, s. Venus starre otherwise called Hesperus and Vesper and Lucifer, both because hee seemeth to be one of the brightest starres, and also first riseth and fetteth last. All which skill in starres beeing conuenient for shepheardes to know Theocritus and the rest vse.

Raging seas, the cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea, commeth of the course of the Moone, sometime increasing, sometime waning and decreasing.

Sooth of byrdes, A kinde of soothsaying vsed in elder times, which they gathered by the flying of byrdes: First (as is said) inuented by the Thuscanes, and from them deriued to the Romanes, who (as it is said in Liuie) were so superstitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that euerie noble man shoulde put his sonne to the Thuscanes, by them to be brought vppe in that knowledge.

Of herbes, That wondrous thinges be wrought by herbe, as well appeareth by the common working of them in our bodies, as also by the woonderfull enchauntmentes and sorceries that haue beene wrought by them, in so muche that it is said the Circe a famous sorceresse turned men into sundry kindes of beastes and monsters, and onely by herbes: as the Poet sayth *Dea saeua potentibus herbis &c.*

Kidst, knewest. *Eare*, of corne, *Scathe*, losse, hinderaunce.

Euer among, Euer and anone.

This is my, The third part wherein is set foorth his ripe yeeres as an vntimely harueste, that bringeth little fruit.

The fragrant flowres, sundrie studies and laudable partes of learning, wherein how our Poet is seene, be they witnesse which are priuie to his studie.

So now my yeere, the last part, wherein is described his age by comparison of wintrie stormes.

Carefull cold, for care is said to coole the blood. *Glee*, myrth,

Hoarie frost, A metaphore of hoarie haires scattered like to a gray frost.

Breeme, sharpe and bitter.

Adiew delights, is a conclusion of all. Where in sixe verses hee comprehendeth briefly all that was touched in this booke. In the first verse his delightes of youth generally. In the second, the loue of Rosalind, in the third, the keeping of Sheepe, which is the argument of all Aelogues. In the fourth his complaintes. And in the last two hys professed friendship and good will to his good friend Hobbinoll.

Emblem.

The meaning whereof is that all thinges perishe and come to theyr last end, but workes of learned wits and monumentes of Poetrie abide for euer. And therefore Horace of hys Odes a worke though full in deede of great wit and learning, yet of no so great weight and importance boldly saith.

Exegi monimentum ære perennius,
Quod nec imber nec aquilo vorax &c.

therefore let not be enuied, that this Poet in his Epilogue sayth hee hathe made a Calender, that shall endure as long as time &c. following the ensample of Horace and Ouid in the like.

Grande opus exegi quod nec Iouis ira nec ignis,
Nec ferrum poterit nec edax abolere vetustas &c.

Loe I haue made a Calender for euery yeare,
That steele in strength, and time in durance shall outweare:

And

And if I marked well the ſtarres reuolution.
It ſhall continue till the worldes diſſolution.
To teach the ruder ſhepheard how to feede his ſheepe,
And from the falſers fraud his folded flocke to keepe.
Goe little Calender, thou haſte a free paſſeporte,
Goe but a lowly gate amongeſt the meaner ſorte.
Dare not to match thy pype with Tytirus his ſtile,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman playd a while.
But follow them farre off, and their high ſteps adore,
The better pleaſe, the worſe deſpiſe, I aske no more.

Merce non mercede.

¶ Imprinted at London by Thomas Eaſt, for *Iohn Harriſon the younger, dwelling in Pa-*
ter noſter Roe, at the ſigne of the Anker,
and are there to be ſold.

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